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THE GOP V.
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NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 17, 1992 VOL. XLIV, NO. 3

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FEBRUARY 17, 1992 / NATIONAL REVIEW 1

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Protecting Growth

Citing the Chicago and Austrian Schools as "proof" that conservatives reject protectionism as a matter of faith proves nothing at all ["The Week," Dec. 30]. The core of these two schools is classical liberalism, not conservatism. Conservatives and members of these schools (libertarians) have fought at length over a variety of domestic and foreign-policy issues. When conservatives and libertarians agree, it is by coincidence, not by any identity of philosophical principles.

The current embrace of the free-trade ideology goes well beyond Adam Smith. Smith, after all, endorsed the Navigation Acts and bounties on the fisheries and on some colonial industry. He left the door open for strategic industrial policy by writing, "It may be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign imports for the encouragement of domestic industry when some particular industry is necessary for the defense of the country." Smith also supported using trade restrictions to force open foreign markets or retaliate for unfair practices.

Protectionism was partially responsible for the building of the U.S. into the world's leading industrial nation, surpassing the "free trading" British Empire by the turn of the last century. What history lacks is an example of a major power that either built or maintained its industrial leadership by free trade as opposed to the prevalent practices of mercantilism.

William R. Hawkins
President

Hamilton Center for National Strategy
Knoxville, Tenn.

Shakespeare and the Bible

Barbera Lerner is right about the "Alexandrites" and their futile drive for a "uniform national content" of public elementary and secondary education ["How Shakespeare Can Save Our Kids," Jan. 20]; she is also right that we, as a nation, must not give up on black youngsters, and that "multiculturalism" is a treacherous idea, intended as a sop to those considered hopeless.

Unfortunately, Miss Lerner's idea won't fly. Can anyone seriously think that the national-book idea can be sold

to the present public-school system, when some very large percentage of the teachers and administrators could not deal meaningfully with a Shakespeare play if their pensions depended on it?

I have an idea to offer instead. I'm sure it won't fly either, but it illustrates what's really wrong with our public schools. What we need to do is shut the public schools, sell them to private parties, and take the government entirely out of education. With the departure of any mention of God and religion from public schools, it has become increasingly difficult to teach because student and teacher morale has progressively collapsed. In the absence of any sense of shared culture, there must be a crisis of morale. And as George Weigel says in the same issue of *NR*, the "heart of culture is cult, religion." Because of this void, our schools, as much as the Communist ones in the old USSR, have "taught falsely about man."

Miss Lerner is quite right to suppose we can't get the Bible back into the public schools. In my view, that condemns not the Bible but the schools.

Tom White
Odessa, Tex

Efficient Bargains

You characterize the work of Nobel Laureate Ronald Coase as "debunk[ing] the notion that government intervention is required whenever Citizen A imposes unwanted costs on Citizen B" ["The Week," Nov. 18]. Fair enough. Coase's theorem posits that given zero transactions costs, regulation in the form of liability rules and entitlements won't matter—bargaining between A and B will always lead to an efficient solution.

But you go on to assert that Coase's work suggests that "market solutions, in which one party pays the other to cease or accept the offending activity, are invariably more efficient." Coase would disagree. If the costs of bargaining and transactions are prohibitive, then a market solution is really no solution at all. For instance, the transactions costs between Citizen A, a factory owner, and Citizen B, one of the many who must breathe the factory's pollution, are sufficiently high (because of collective-action

problems among the many Citizens B) to make a market solution impossible. In such a case, regulation of the polluter is a more efficient solution than a hands-off approach if the pollution's aggregate harm to Citizens B exceeds the benefit of the factory to Citizen A.

Although the Coase theorem's prescriptions for government intervention are in conflict with the traditional Pigouvian analysis of externalities, Coase would not argue that in practice government intervention is categorically inferior to market solutions.

Gerald Masoudi
Chicago, Ill

Lone Actor

One hopes that Tom Bethell will eventually publish his full recollections of Jim Garrison's "investigation" into the assassination of John F. Kennedy ["Conspiracy to End Conspiracies," Dec. 16].

Given Mr. Bethell's disillusioning experience, I was startled that he concluded his piece with a muted affirmation of the plausibility of a conspiracy.

On the issue of multiple gunmen, Bethell cites, as does Oliver Stone and virtually every conspiracy theorist, the image from the Zapruder film of Kennedy's head flying backward after being struck. This is misleading: Kennedy's head actually moves slightly forward as he is hit by Oswald's third bullet. Kennedy's whole body then falls backward and to the left (note that melons shot by high-powered rifles fall toward the shooter). The physical reaction may also have been exaggerated by a spasm caused by massive neurological trauma. The absence of any exit wound on the left side of the skull precludes a right front shot from the grassy knoll.

Like Bethell, I find the possibility that Oswald had some espionage role during his stay in Russia plausible. Frequently, eccentric or unstable individuals manage to attach themselves to intelligence organizations. Nevertheless, Oswald's actions before and especially after the assassination are completely inconsistent with the theory that he was "assigned" to kill the President. If this were so, why did no confederates aid his escape? Why did he go back to his rooming house, get a fresh weapon, and go out and kill a police officer? Why did he attract attention to himself by going into a movie theater without paying for a ticket? Why did he have no money, no car, no resources at his disposal? These are not the actions or characteristics of a programmed assassin.

Richard Ryan
Austin, Tex.

Japan and America: Where the Twain Meet

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," Kipling wrote long ago, and even today that saying sums up the feelings of many Americans and Japanese toward each other. But William Brinker, a high school social studies teacher from Farmington Hills, Michigan, disagrees. "The gulf between our cultures exists, but it can be bridged. We just have to work harder at understanding one another."

Brinker was a participant in the annual U.S./Japan Teachers Exchange Program sponsored by Hitachi. Now in its fourth year, this exchange helps promote mutual understanding, cultural awareness, and friendship between our societies on a personal level.

Since 1987, the program has sponsored the visits of 16 American teachers to Japan and five Japanese to the United States. Last year saw the largest exchange so far: four American and three Japanese teachers. For three weeks, they toured the sites, taught children, and lived in the homes of their hosts. For most, it was their first direct exposure to the culture they had

so often taught about. Even for Brinker, who had spent time in Japan 36 years ago as a serviceman, the experience was eye-opening. "I came away with a much better understanding of the Japanese people," he says.

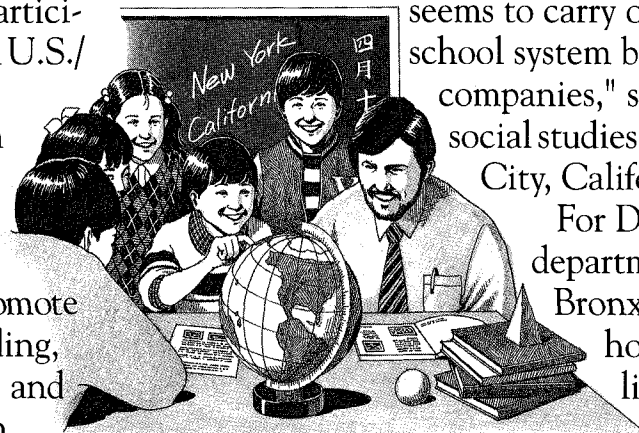
As teachers, the American visitors were struck by the way Japanese parents support the school system and the respect students show in the classroom. "The support and love of the family seems to carry out not only in the school system but also into their companies," says Greg Alvarado, a social studies teacher from Daly City, California.

For Delia Grogan-Selby, a department chairperson from Bronxville, New York, the home stay was a highlight of her visit. "I felt like I had

parachuted into my own family, but it was Japan," she says.

Hitachi is proud to sponsor the U.S./Japan Teachers Exchange Program. We believe its positive impact will multiply as returning teachers share their personal experiences with students, colleagues, and friends at home.

For more information, write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 7515, Grand Central Station, New York, NY, 10163.



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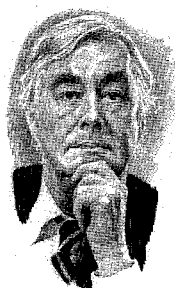
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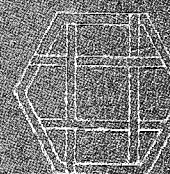
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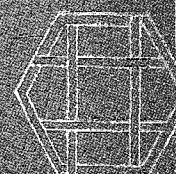
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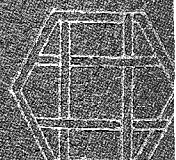
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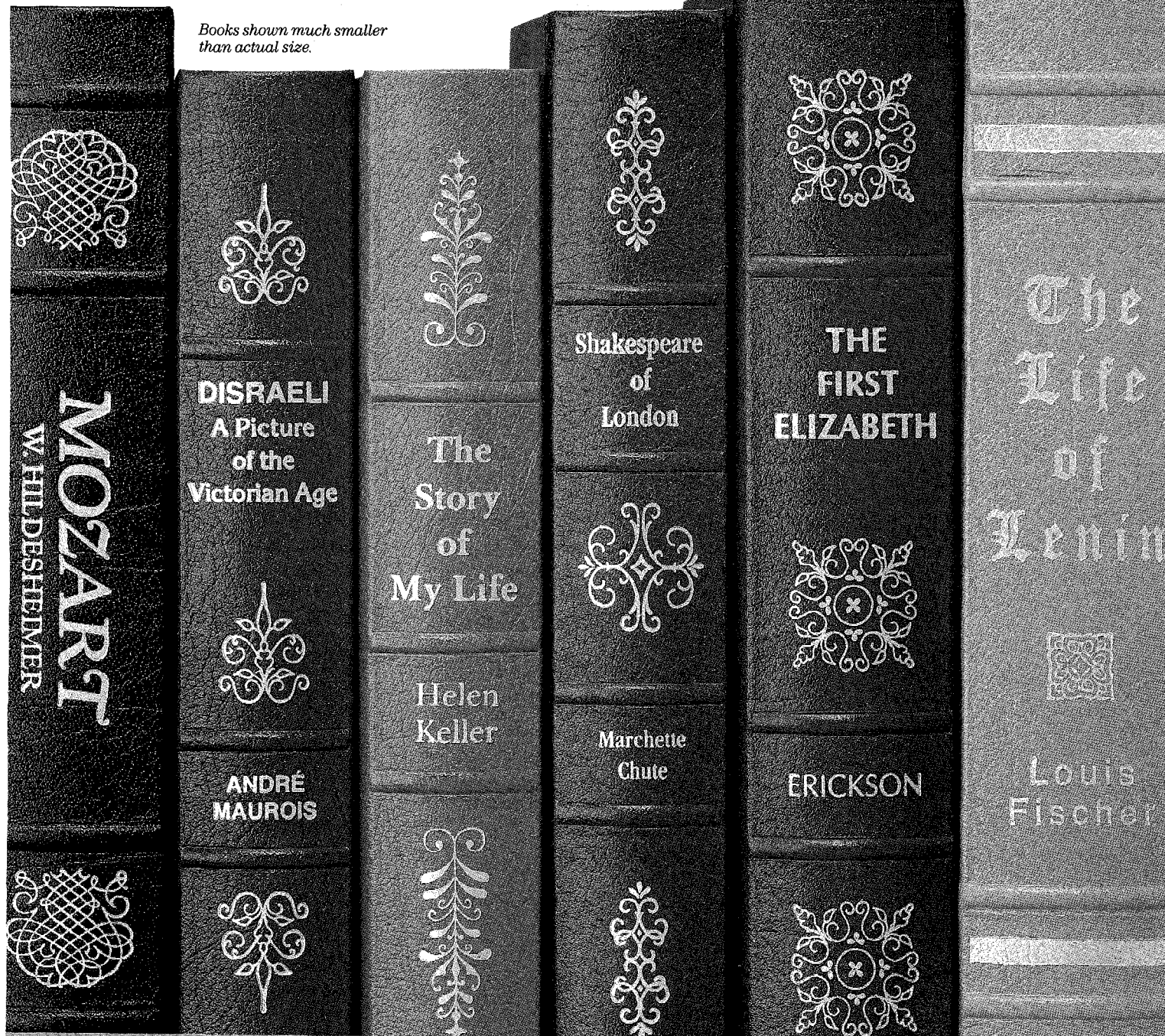
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FROM THE EDITOR

Don't Say It with Flowers

■ Some months ago I was offered a story on the sex life of a potential presidential candidate. The allegation of adultery was apparently supported by evidence and, like all gossip, had a certain prurient fascination. But I had no hesitation in turning it down.

Macaulay writes somewhere that "a man may be a very good Christian and a very bad Chancellor of the Exchequer." And the principle applies equally well in reverse. Any sensible taxpayer would much prefer to be governed by an adulterer of sound anti-inflationary views than by a socialist monk.

Indeed the stress on private morals, uniting tabloids and fundamentalists, may even be misleading as a guide to public policy on moral issues. All those virtuous husbands running for the Democratic nomination, for instance, passionately uphold the right of teenagers to have an abortion without their parents' knowledge.

A conservative social contract would require discretion on both sides. A candidate would not flagrantly outrage public morality, and the rest of us would not intrude into his private life. Hence I would have advised Governor Clinton to refuse comment on allegations of misconduct other than to refer inquirers to Proverbs 24:16.

But my principles are not those of the media establishment, the feminist lobby, or the Democratic Party. Or, to be more precise, they are not the principles these groups promulgated during the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas brouhaha.

We were then told that "character" was indispensable in an office as elevated as Supreme Court Justice; that it would be utterly vitiated by sexual misconduct; that a wronged woman had a duty to society and her sex to exact full public retribution; and that in so serious a matter it was irrelevant that the allegations had surfaced in an irregular fashion. A thorough inquiry was thus imperative—in the words of a popular T-shirt: "He lied."

The tabloids have acted upon these

principles in discussing Miss Gennifer Flowers's allegations.

And not without reason. The Presidency is not inferior to the Supreme Court; it does not obviously require a person of less "character"; the alleged misconduct is more serious, covers a longer period, and seems better supported by evidence (the tapes); Miss Flowers (if wronged) is not less wronged than Miss Hill (if wronged); the *Star*, though undoubtedly "sleazy," is not more so than the cabal of Yale Law School graduates which orchestrated the leaks against Judge Thomas. So a thorough inquiry would seem to be imperative.

Yet Democrats are outraged, the establishment media full of anxious self-criticism, feminists silent. Why so?

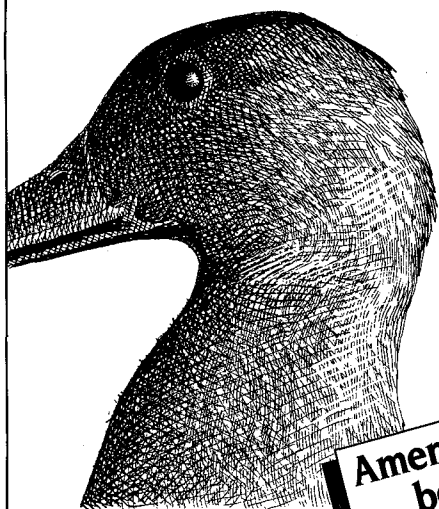
Do they find Miss Flowers—with her red gash of a mouth, teased blonde mane, rich Tennessee twang, and steely gaze—culturally unappealing, too much the Joan Collins understudy on *Dynasty*, whereas they instinctively responded to the *L.A. Law* guest star that Anita Hill is destined to be? (Do not dismiss such seemingly trivial factors—you have only to glimpse Miss Flowers's eye-shadow to realize that she is politically incorrect.)

Or is it that they simply pick up and discard whichever principles happen to be useful at the time, whether their purpose is spreading calumny or countering it, defeating a nominee or protecting a front-runner?

Governor Clinton himself can be acquitted of the charge. He attacked the Thomas hearings as "a circus" and called for confirmation unless sexual harassment were proved "beyond a reasonable doubt." He at least is being consistent in rejecting an investigation of Miss Flowers's charges.

Otherwise, one is reminded of Chesterton's rueful look back at his youthful idealism (I quote from memory): "I believe in Liberalism today as much as I ever did. But, oh, there was a happy time when I believed in Liberals."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN



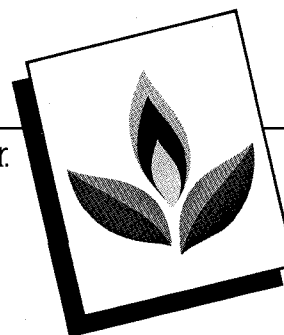
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FOR THE RECORD

■ Despite the bustle generated by half a dozen candidates, the New Hampshire landscape remained calm and even passionless. The *Boston Globe* reported that many voters were "leaning" toward this or that candidate, but few were ready to commit. . . . Nonetheless, **Pat Buchanan** continues to make inroads; an American Research Group January poll showed him with 30 per cent, versus 46 for the President. . . . *Wall Street Journal*/NBC poll, pre-State of the Union, put at 55 the percentage of Americans who feel **George Bush** is ignoring issues that matter. . . . **Bill Bennett** did not last long as member of Bush campaign team. **Bob Teeter** and **Fred Malek** reportedly objected to Bennett's attempt to defuse New Hampshireites' anger by admitting that the President had made some mistakes (i.e., raising taxes, and 1991 quota act). . . . Conspicuously more critical, **Ed Feulner**, head of the Heritage Foundation. Two years ago, Feulner, in a *Washington Post* op-ed, urged conservatives to stop pinning for **Ronald Reagan**. Now he asserts that Bush Administration has "given the conservative cause a black eye." Conservatives supported Bush, "and they got **Michael Dukakis**." . . . On Democratic side, **Tom Harkin** and **Paul Tsongas** launched new television commercials, each opening in an abandoned factory. Harkin's ad "is a look into the man's soul," according to its producer, "to show his understanding of the pain that people are going through." Tsongas uses his abandoned factory to get tough on protectionists. "All the Japan-bashing in the world won't open this factory," says the commercial. . . . New York State's financial straits have convinced even last-ditcher state Democratic chief **John Marino** that a **Cuomo** candidacy is dead and buried. Go find your own candidate, he told the faithful, but make sure you "make that person strong." . . . But Cuomo looks better from afar. Chicago political consultant **Phil Krone** is orches-

trating a write-in campaign for him in New Hampshire; Chicago columnist **Mike Royko** supports the effort.

■ In equally poor New York City, Democratic nabob **Andrew Stein** paraded himself at a lavish banquet as the successor to declining Mayor **David Dinkins**. . . . Flamboyant black activist **Al Sharpton** announced he would be "throwing my hair into the ring" seeking to replace N.Y. Republican Senator **Alfonse D'Amato**. D'Amato's seat is also coveted by **Geraldine Ferraro**, unsuccessful bidder for the Vice Presidency in Reagan era. "If we [Mondale and Ferraro] had won in 1984, I would be running for President now," she mused. . . . In Massachusetts, the political figure who can topple Sen. **Edward Kennedy** is still to be identified, but it may just be the dynamic U.S. Attorney **Wayne Budd** of Boston, now being considered for a top job in Justice Department. Budd, a black lawyer from Springfield, would run against Kennedy in 1994, the idea goes. Popular Republican Governor **William Weld**, beating Kennedy in trial heats (one *Boston Herald* poll showed Weld 59, Kennedy 34) would not run against Kennedy but would

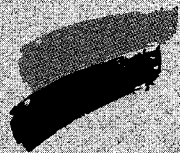
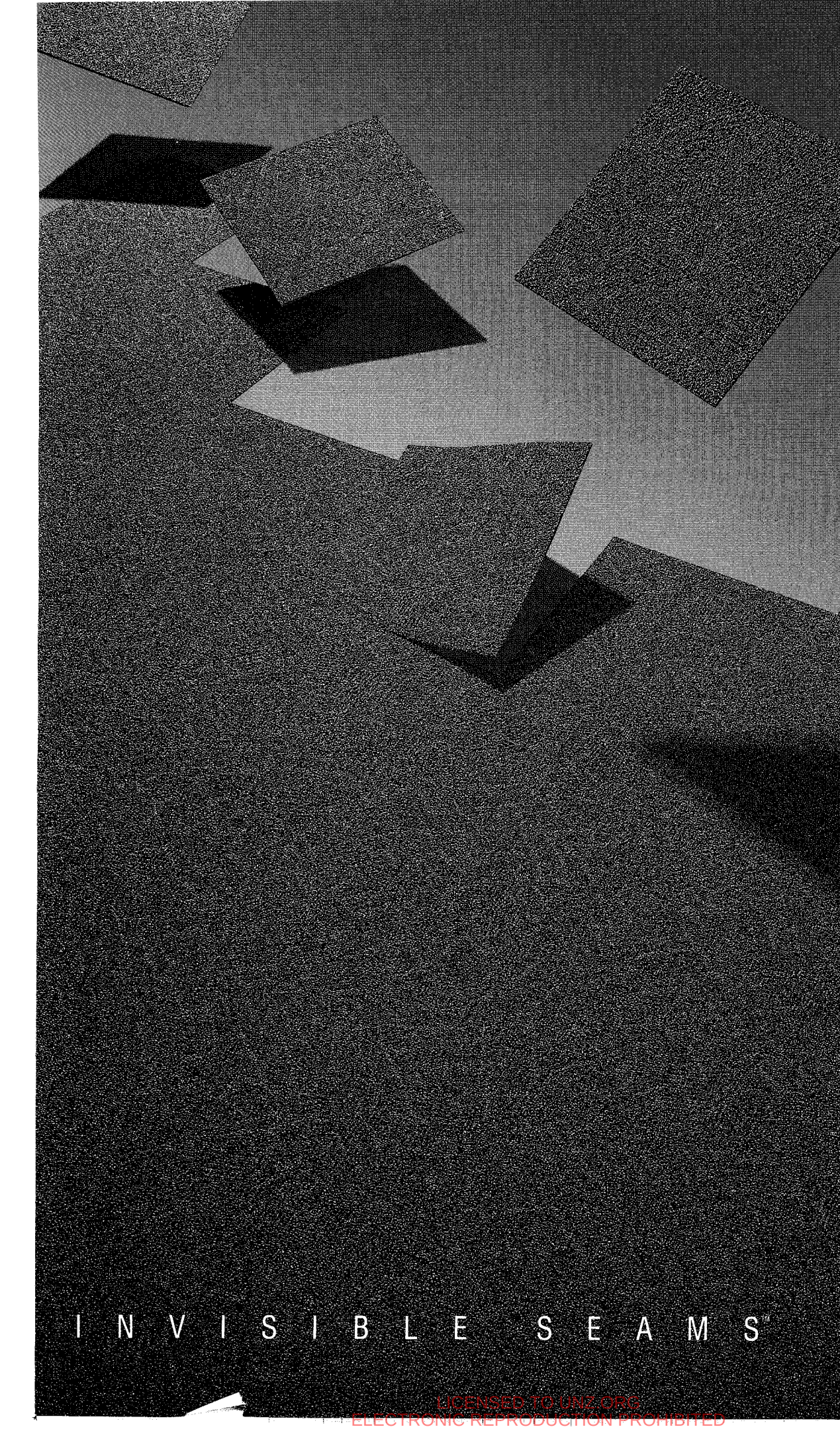


"The first broken resolution is always the best."

seek re-election as Bay State's chief executive. . . . By 1994, incidentally, Kennedy will have occupied his Senate seat for 32 years—a record in Massachusetts for the office. Present record holder is **Henry Cabot Lodge Sr.**, who served from 1893 to 1924. . . . Three Republicans are fighting it out for the chance to succeed retiring Senator **Alan Cranston** (D.) in California: conservative TV commentator **Bruce Herschensohn**, liberal former State Rep. **Tom Campbell**, and **Sonny Bono**, mayor of Palm Springs. Campbell was early front-runner; latest *L.A. Times* poll shows Herschensohn at 21, Campbell at 17, and Bono at 16. *Human Events* reports that Herschensohn's Hollywood supporters include **Pat Boone**, **Efrem Zimbalist Jr.**, **Ernest Borgnine**, **Joey Bishop**, and **Arnold Schwarzenegger**.

■ The folks bringing you television coverage of the 1992 campaign have come under fire from in-depth study by **Robert** and **Linda S. Lichter**, directors of Center for Media and Public Affairs, and Professor **Stanley Rothman** of Smith College. Called "Watching America," the study says majority of this group is liberal or left-of-center, and regularly votes Democratic. Two of three TV writers, directors, and producers believe television should play "a major role in promoting reform" of the country's institutions and traditions. Homosexuals have perhaps benefited most; Lichter/Rothman quote a prominent screenwriter as saying homosexuality can be handled on screen "as long as you handle it in a lovely, tolerant fashion that will not upset the gay-liberation lobby."

■ World political uncertainty was reflected in preliminaries for great yacht classic, the America's Cup, to be held at San Diego in May. The **Red Star '92** yachting syndicate in St. Petersburg had a paid-up, properly registered slot for a Cup challenger, but no boat, while the **Age of Russia** team in Moscow had air-freighted a high-tech 75-foot sloop to California, but had no official standing. San Diego businessman **John Sawicki** tried to arrange a merger, but too late. Meanwhile, Cup challenger from FY (Former Yugoslavia), an all-wood Croatian boat named **Zara**, reached a yard in Venice but was unable to get any farther in time for qualifying races.



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THE WEEK

■ Considering the rate at which women are popping up to eliminate candidates, the 1992 Democratic nominee could be a dark horse: Barney Frank.

■ **Man Bites Dog Department.** On the same day President Bush went before the nation to announce more spending initiatives, Representative Dick Armey went before the legislative appropriations subcommittee to argue *against* a \$264,000 budget increase for his own committee. This is the same Texas congressman who led the GOP revolt against the Darman tax package in 1990, and who has used his position on the Joint Economic Committee to expose the partisan assumptions behind supposedly objective congressional economic reports whose conclusions invariably reflect the Democrats' tax-and-spend priorities. With the House Republican leadership unwilling to take on the Administration, the Reaganite mantle has fallen squarely on Armey's shoulders. When Sam Skinner was telling Hill Republicans about Darman's wonderful new recovery plan, Armey rose to say that "the only thing that will give me confidence that President Bush knows what needs to be done with the economy is if he fires Dick Darman"—all the while looking Darman straight in the eye. Want to guess who blinked?

■ Back when Education Secretary Lamar Alexander started the push on the President's education package, he told Hill Republicans the White House would absolutely insist on keeping school choice. But then Senator Kennedy huffed and puffed that the Administration was really aiming for nothing less than "preparatory-school relief," and lo the Administration's core provision was blown down. The final vote was 57 to 36. Six Republicans—Arlen Specter (Pa.), Conrad Burns (Mont.), William Cohen (Me.), Mark Hatfield (Ore.), James Jeffords (Vt.), and John Chafee (R.I.)—turned Benedict Arnold. Three Democrats—Bill Bradley (N.J.), Joseph Lieberman (Conn.), and John Breaux (La.)—voted with the angels. The rest went to prep schools.

■ Los Angeles is the latest to hand out

condoms to high-school students. Handing out educations does not appear to be under consideration.

■ And one thing to remember when future controversies erupt is the amendment barring NEA dollars for "patently offensive" artwork depicting sexual or excretory activities. Both Houses of Congress at one time or another passed the amendment by an almost 2 to 1 majority on the floor, allowing members to say they had voted to uphold mom and apple pie. When the measure was sent to conference, however, the committee stripped the Helms amendment from the final bill—even though a majority of them had already gone on record in prior votes as favoring the language. As the second session of Congress begins, *NR* herewith prints the names of the two-timers on the conference committee who abetted the fraud: Representative Tom Bevill (D., Ala.), Senator Dale Bumpers (D., Ark.), Senator Quentin Burdick (D., N.D.), Senator Robert Byrd (D., W.Va.), Senator Thad Cochran (R., Miss.), Senator Pete Domenici (R., N.M.), Senator Slade Gorton (R., Wash.), Senator Mark Hatfield (R., Ore.), Senator Bennett Johnston (D., La.), Senator Harry Reid (D., Nev.), Representative Joe Skeen (R., N.M.), Senator Ted Stevens (R., Alaska). Only public decency prevents us from printing the names of the other 82 representatives and 33 senators who were able to flip-flop because of the committee's sleight of hand.

■ Memo to: George Bush

From: Deregulation Czar

In re: Moratorium on New Regulations

Dear George: It's a splendid idea. We will, of course, need a commission—call it the Federal Deregulation Commission (FDC)—to rule on which of the 4,900 regulations now being written are "burdensome" and



thus subject to the ninety-day hiatus. Burden being in the eye of the beholder, a Deregulatory Bargaining Agency (DBA) will also be needed to mediate disputes between the FDC and the existing regulatory agencies. The DBA will decide, for example, whether OSHA's detailed procedures for opening car hoods in gas stations are in the national interest. Of course, a Paperwork Control Commission (PCC) will be required to ensure that the evidentiary hearings at DBA do not violate Paperwork Reduction Act standards. There are also questions of timing: When does the ninety-day moratorium begin? Calendar days or working days? And what about regulations already enacted that are slated to take effect during the ninety-day period? The need for a Timing Resolution Board (TRB) has never been more obvious.

■ Delaying for three months economic regulations that will damage the U.S. economy is the best definition yet of moderate Republicanism.

■ President Bush's new White House chief of staff, Sam Skinner, is a moderate Bush loyalist from the Jim Thompson wing of the Illinois GOP with a reputation as a conciliator and pragmatist who as Secretary of Transportation steered last year's pork-infested highway bill through Congress. To replace him at the Transportation post, President Bush has named Andrew Card, a pragmatic moderate from the Elliot Richardson wing of the Massachusetts GOP who was a deputy White House chief of staff. Aren't there laws against incest?

■ Officials in Greece, New York, undertook to "buy American" when they got a dirt mover. They meant to get a John Deere, though a Komatsu excavator was \$15,000 less. However, the Komatsu turns out to be mostly American-made and the Deere mostly Japanese-made and everyone is confused. Adam Smith wasn't. He annihilated the "buy here" arguments two centuries ago.

■ The ceasefire in what used to be Yugoslavia seems to be holding. If it lasts, it should teach some lessons. In the long run-up to the German and EC recognition of Croatia and Slovenia it was claimed over and over again that such a step would doom the chances of peacemaking. Of course, it has done the opposite. The embargo that Western governments hitherto imposed on both sides only strangled Croatia and Slovenia and emboldened the stronger Serbians. The German/EC move was the first international action that imposed a serious penalty on the Serbians. Painful as it may be to acknowledge that Hans-Dietrich Genscher did something right, we found it more painful to watch Cyrus Vance, James A. Baker III, and Peter Carrington clinging to the opposite course. It put us in the absurd position

of siding with a Serbian Communist demagogue in his assault on peoples who had democratically opted for independence. This policy rested not only on a spurious analysis of how to promote negotiation, but on an equally spurious analysis of our strategic interest. What stake do we have in the maintenance of Yugoslav unity by force? As long as Soviet power was a threat to Eastern Europe, there was risk in the disunity and weakness of its neighbors; now, no such risk exists.

■ Say good-bye to Tass, the Soviet "news" agency. The new agency will be called the Russian Information Telegraph Agency, or Rita. As in: According to Rita. As in: Dateline: Rita. This is going to take some getting used to.

■ Michael Fumento, author of *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS*, is at it again: his cover story on Magic Johnson in the February issue of *The American Spectator* will enrage AIDS activists, while providing cool intellectual refreshment to those who have suspected we're being fed overheated propaganda. Fumento calmly shows how the AIDS lobby has lied with statistics to create the impression that the disorder is spreading faster among straights than among gays. The claim is technically true, but almost meaningless—like saying that the Smith family, blessed with triplets, is growing faster than Detroit. Meanwhile, Johnson is just the poster boy the lobby has needed—anecdotal evidence, in effect, for a desiderated "trend." Fumento recalls asking a *Los Angeles Times* editor whether the paper intended to check out rumors that Johnson had engaged in homosexual activities. The editor had heard the rumors, but said, "I don't know what difference it makes. He has it [HIV] and that's all there is to it. What does it matter?" Fumento's comment: "It matters because the media have gone crazy ever since Johnson announced he contracted the disease through heterosexual transmission." When such a heavy moral is attached to a single fact, the putative fact ought to be tested carefully—unless, of course, you're afraid that the truth might undermine the predetermined moral.

■ But progress marches on. A popular comic-book character called Northstar has made it known that he is . . . gay. The *New York Times* has editorially hailed the announcement as "a welcome indicator of social change." (New York City has always been in the forefront of social change. That's why nobody comes here any more.) Meanwhile, a spokesperson declined to comment on longstanding rumors about Wonder Woman.

■ Uh-oh. Biosphere 2, the great environmentalist experiment out in Tucson, is already in trouble, after

only four months in operation. It seems the personnel of the three-acre "miniplanet" have been cheating—stocking food ahead of time, smuggling goodies in from the outside world, pumping in fresh air, and secretly extracting carbon dioxide from the enclosed atmosphere. A computer engineer associated with the project has resigned, charging "a pattern of deception." It sounds as if environmentalism has produced its first Potemkin Village.

■ Paleontologist Robert Bakker, amusingly profiled in the *Wall Street Journal*, is something of a maverick. Dinosaurs, in his view, were not the slow, lizard-like, cold-blooded beasts we've always been told, but warm-blooded and swift. And one finds the germ of an even more radical theory in his search for new species, to wit, one that's still around: "I want to find a voracious, small-minded predator," he says, "and name it after the IRS."

■ The *Journal* may itself have a dinosaur on its reportorial staff: whoever did the story "Laws of Economics Often Don't Apply in Health-Care Field." We await a crushing rebuttal by the editorial page.

Four More Years?

THE STATE of George Bush at the time of the State of the Union address was parlous. Polls never tell the whole story, but they told enough: from a post-Desert Storm high of over 90 per cent approval, the President had sunk into the 40s. More alarming still, some polls showed Americans believing that Democrats, rather than Republicans, were better able to manage the economy, and that a Democrat should be given a crack at the White House. The reason was not far to seek: after victory in the Gulf and the collapse of Communism, George Bush would necessarily be judged on his domestic record; and this, with few exceptions, was confused and dismal.

The recession in which he found himself was not, of course, as hopeless as Democrats and the media made it. Every recession contains seeds of its own recovery, and this one was no exception. The inflation rate had fallen sharply, as it always does during periods of economic weakness, and would act as an unlegislated tax cut for consumers and people holding cash. Lower interest rates made bond holders richer automatically, and put cash in the pockets of people refinancing mortgages or holding adjustable-rate loans. The stock market boom—another by-product of lower rates—had increased the net worth of American households by more than \$600 billion since 1990. Retail sales were depressed, but housing starts—an important leading indicator—had risen

31.8 per cent since the January 1991 trough. Foreigners, *pace* Lee Iacocca, were buying U.S. products at near record amounts. Even our 7.1 per cent unemployment rate is well below the 10.7 per cent rate at the nadir of the last recession—and lower than unemployment in most European countries even at economic peaks.

George Bush could thus look forward to better days ahead, thanks to the internal dynamics of the economy. But when would they arrive? Vigorous long-term growth would come only when entrepreneurs were convinced that the financial rewards of starting new businesses outweighed the risks. Unfortunately, with the federal tax take rising to nearly 20 per cent of the GNP, and state and local taxes taking another 15 per cent, the "animal spirits" were sitting this one out. Economic incentives, as measured by the share of income left after taxes, were lower than during the Carter Administration.

Ronald Reagan—and the George Bush who won the right to succeed him in 1988—would have known what to propose: a vigorous program of tax relief. The George Bush of 1992 had not proposed it, however, because he felt himself bound by the budget deal of 1990 whereby, in return for spending cuts that cut nothing, he agreed to abandon his "no new taxes" pledge—and thus cut himself off from the winning political platform of the preceding decade. As if by a kind of malign infection, Bush's intellectual and political weakness on taxes spread to other aspects of his Administration as well—most fatally last summer, when he joined Democrats in endorsing the same civil-rights bill which he had earlier, and correctly, characterized as a quota bill.

White House operatives like Sam Skinner saw the problem as one of communication. Hence a spate of stories about drafts and revisions, and about Peggy Noonan coming in to pinch hit. No one close to the process asked the basic question: Did George Bush have anything to communicate?

THE SPEECH the President gave, unfortunately, followed the White House line almost to the letter. It opened with an appeal to patriotism made credible, if hardly relevant, by Bush's

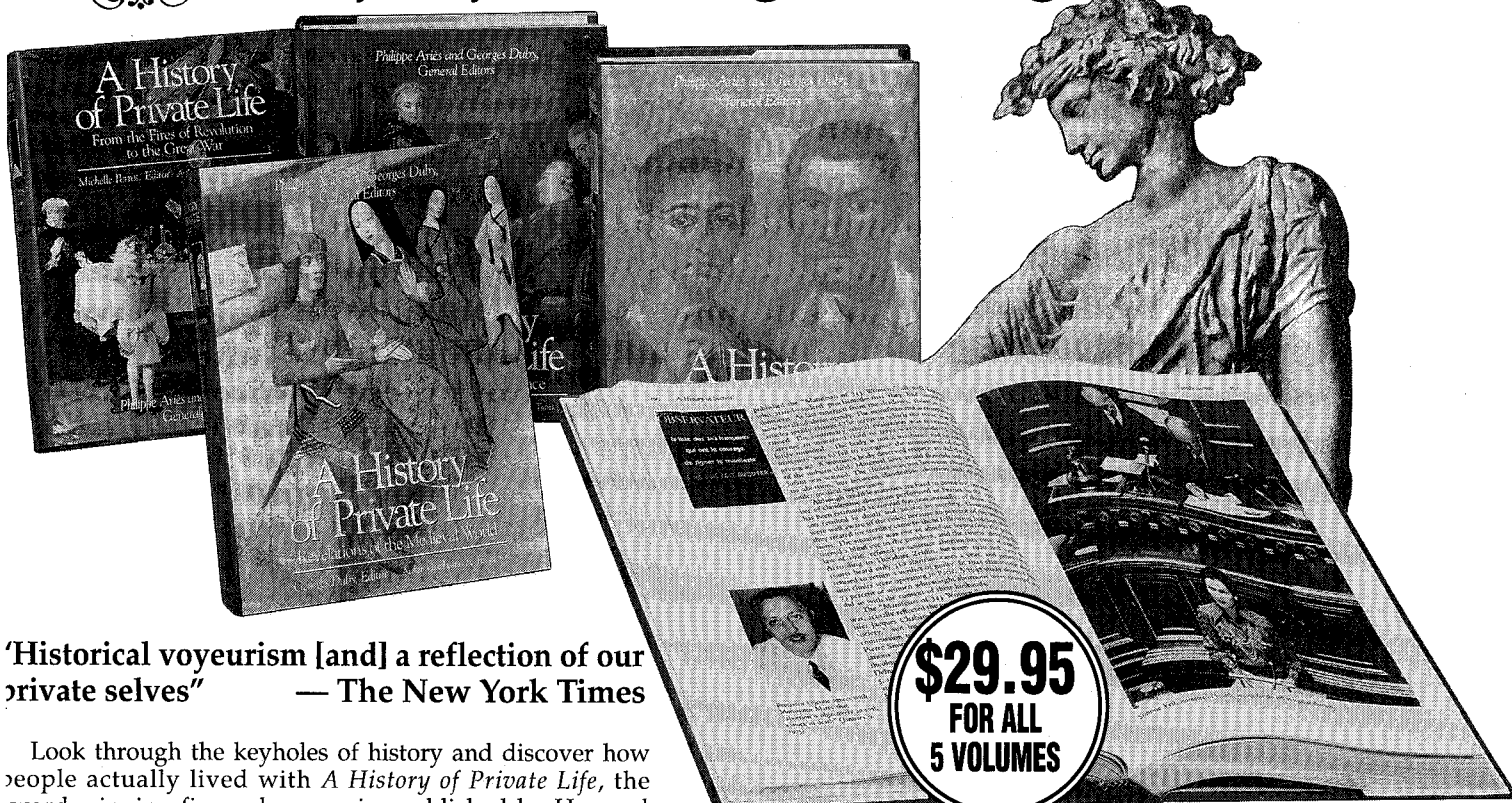
Are You Middle Class?

Most of us are, and isn't it nice?
President Bush is shoveling spice
Into our dreary, middle-class lives,
Praying that when November arrives,
Mom in a mink and Pop sporting tweeds
Cater to his electoral needs.

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steadfastness in Desert Storm. Bush read the speech with confidence and humor. But he said almost nothing that he has not been saying for two years.

There were items that should please conservatives: a call for SDI in a world where the likes of Kim Il Sung will get the bomb; a boost for enterprise zones to "empower the poor"; a plug for school choice; most important, and perhaps most surprising, a request to cut the capital-gains tax rate to 15.4 per cent (down from 28 per cent). Capital gains is the traditional payoff for small, new business ventures of the sort that generated 90 per cent of the jobs created during the Eighties, and Bush remembers it. "Never has an issue been more demagogued," he declared. House Republicans cheered wildly.

They had nothing else to cheer about. There was no mention of affirmative action or quotas—an off-the-books contribution to all future David Duke campaigns and a slap in the face of the black conservatives who will have to go on fighting this battle alone. Bush explicitly endorsed the budget deal that has deepened the recession, destroyed his principles, and restricted his room for maneuver. Without any movement on such points, the speech lacked a core of conviction. It was a collection of Christmas-tree ornaments, without the tree.

REPUBLICANS have held the White House for 19 of the last 23 years because, as Vin Weber put it, "we succeeded in shaking off the mantle of Herbert Hoover and becoming the party of growth." But the George Bush of 1990, like the Herbert Hoover of 1932, presided over a record increase in the federal tax burden. Only history will tell whether another ordinary recession has been needlessly transformed into something far worse.

The consequences of far worse may include a tight race in the fall, possibly even a defeat. Since George Bush is the heir in fact, if not in spirit, of Ronald Reagan, such a defeat will be laid to conservatives, unless they take decisive distinguishing action. It would be ideal if a perfect challenger had come forward against George Bush. Pat Buchanan, the chal-

For Governor Clinton

When Edward took the throne as Mum
Joined Albert in his tomb,
The King and Mrs. Keppel knew
The rules for wiggle room;
They carried on discreetly while
The Belle Epoque unwound,
And Mrs. joined the royals when
They slipped him underground.

W. H. VON DREELE

lenger who did come forward, while trenchant and correct in most respects, has a number of serious flaws—a fondness for protectionism, a nostalgia for isolationism, a careless rhetoric which has given rise to suspicions of anti-Semitism. *NR* pointed out these flaws in anticipation of his announcement, and hoped he would remedy them. He has not yet done so.

Yet Buchanan's boners are not the whole, or even most, of his campaign. He has been hitting Bush in New Hampshire on the very tax pledge which allowed Bush to save his nomination four years ago. He understands the dynamics of the quota issue and predicted the rise of David Duke as a consequence of Bush's derelictions. *NR* therefore, while reserving its position for the later stages of the campaign, urges conservatives to cast a tactical vote for Buchanan in New Hampshire.

A large Buchanan vote would show the country that George Bush is no longer one of us, and that there are a lot of us. Conceivably it might shock Mr. Bush into paying attention to the people, and perhaps even the principles, he has ignored for so long. And it would show the President that there is a penalty for breaking promises: Read our hips.

Bed and Broad

MR. AND MRS. Bill Clinton appeared on CBS's *60 Minutes* last week to deny a cabaret singer's tabloid claim that she had had a 12-year affair with Clinton. If her claim were true, given Clinton's reputation as a womanizer, it would appear that for a dozen years he was unfaithful to two women at once. Clinton would be entitled to resist curiosity about his private life entirely. He's not running for Pope, and the public's "right to know" stops well short of the bedroom door. But since he decided to discuss the question publicly, he would have been wise to have done so briskly, straightforwardly, and without the assistance of his wife.

It is instructive to compare his performance with that of Alexander Hamilton in the first American political sex scandal almost two hundred years ago. In 1797 Hamilton was accused of having speculated in veterans' back-pay certificates with one James Reynolds, who claimed that Hamilton had paid him \$1,100 for services rendered. Hamilton published a long pamphlet, admitting that he had given Reynolds the money, and explaining why: Reynolds and his wife, with whom Hamilton had had an affair, had blackmailed him.

"The bare perusal of letters from Reynolds and his wife," Hamilton concluded, "is sufficient to convince my worst enemy that there is nothing in the affair worse than an irregular and indelicate amour. For

this, I bow to the just censure which it merits. I have paid pretty severely for the folly, and can never recollect it without disgust and self-condemnation. It might seem affectation to say more."

In one paragraph, Hamilton managed to be more candid, more repentant, and less smarmy than Clinton. You could even fit it into a 15-second sound-bite. Clinton may still win the presidential nomination, but he has a long way to go before he becomes presidential.

Abortion Marches On

AT THE same time that pro-life demonstrators, marching to the Capitol on the 19th anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*, received a message of support from President Bush, events were changing the shape of the issue. The Supreme Court decision to hear Pennsylvania's restrictive abortion law has paved the way for abortion laws to be returned to where they were until 1973, when an imperial Burger Court stepped in to overturn the laws of all fifty states.

The cunning of the Pennsylvania law is that it addresses in a single statute all those aspects of the abortion controversy on which popular sentiment is clearly on the side of the right-to-life movement. The law does not outlaw abortion, even in its later stages, but it does require that minors consult with their parents about their decision, that women consult with their husbands, and that there be a 24-hour waiting period after women are provided with information about abortion in order to assure their informed consent to the procedure. We look forward to Bill Clinton or Bob Kerrey vowing to enact a national law to protect a teenager's inalienable right to abort her child without consulting her mother and father.

This dichotomy between the mass of divided Americans and the militant Democratic position of federally subsidized abortion on demand was manifest at last week's rally. There, pro-choice hecklers, no more than a thousand or so, displayed such signs as "Keep Your Cross Out of My Crotch" and proclaimed allegiance to groups as "diverse" as the Revolutionary Communist League and the assorted lesbian groups (for whom we would have thought abortion a largely theoretical concern). The *New York Times* only confirmed this dichotomy between the abortion-on-demand crowd and normal America when it reported that "seventy thousand people took part in the demonstrations." Though the paper of record conceded the pro-life group was larger, this was on the order of writing that the combined circulation of *NATIONAL REVIEW* and the *Reader's Digest* is 28,150,000.

Much obviously depends upon the scope of the Court's decision itself. It would not be surprising if the Court sustained the Pennsylvania law on narrow grounds, leaving *Roe* still shakily standing. It might take the far more prohibitive Louisiana and Utah statutes, now percolating through the judicial process, to provide the occasion of its final demise. The breadth of this year's decision will depend in part on the political antennae of the Court and in larger part on two individuals, both of them appointed by President Bush, who have not yet publicly shared their thoughts on *Roe*—David Souter and Clarence Thomas. Apart from these two, there are probably four votes on the Court to abandon *Roe* at the earliest opportunity; Sandra O'Connor, who might join in upholding the Pennsylvania law, would nevertheless perpetuate the uncertainty by inquiring of every challenged law whether it would "unduly burden" the abortion "right."

Whether or not *Roe* enjoys a twentieth anniversary, it now seems certain that it will be curtailed substantially. What is equally certain is that the abortion debate will not be quelled, but will only be shifted to another (and far more appropriate) forum.

The Grand Bailout

THE Washington conference to coordinate assistance to the former Soviet Union was a sad spectacle, with depressing implications for the future. Unlike the Poles, who had a Western aid and stabilization package in place when they took the plunge, the Russians and their Commonwealth partners have launched ambitious and risky liberalization programs with the hope but not the assurance that they will get the outside help without which they are unlikely to succeed. The American commitment to the new effort—a \$645-million request to Congress—is not impressive, inhibited as it is by our budgetary crisis and election-year timidity. The performance of the Europeans (especially the Germans) is disgraceful, however. Having wasted billions on Gorbachev, who clung tenaciously to the wrong economic system, they now plead that they have already given more than their fair share. The U.S. was correct to hold back while Gorbachev and his wrong-headed policies held sway. Now, democratic leaders and gutsy reformers are determined on real marketization. Their failure could lead to chaos and take much of the outside world with them.

It is already clear that the first attempt to introduce price liberalization in Russia is failing. As Moscow's "independent newspaper" pointed out, the "freeing" of prices before the monopolistic state distribution structures were dismantled led to a repeti-

tion of the bureaucratic price increases of former Soviet Prime Minister Valentin Pavlov, differing from them only in their scale and chaotic character: prices rose, but there has been as yet no discernible improvement in the availability of goods in stores. The result was to drop living standards to levels not experienced since the Second World War.

Meanwhile, the real threat to emerging democracy in the former Soviet Union is the specter of mass unemployment. For the moment, Russia has only about sixty thousand registered unemployed. It will take

another six to eight months for factory directors to decide how many workers they need in the new conditions, and lay-offs will begin in a country where the ability to guarantee a job to everyone was the previous regime's greatest source of pride. Many of the seven to eight million who can be expected to be thrown out of work may be drawn to authoritarian political parties, and among their ranks will be some of the 700,000 officers soon to be laid off by the army. Pyotr Chadayev, the nineteenth-century Russian philosopher, compared Russia to an illegitimate

RIGHT DATA

The Lazy American?

YOSHIO Sakurachi (see "As Tokyo Sees Us," p. 24) said the problem with the U.S. economy is that "U.S. workers are too lazy. They want high pay without working." Although many Americans undoubtedly agree with this statement, a recent survey by the Department of Labor found that U.S. workers were significantly more productive than their foreign counterparts:

ANNUAL OUTPUT PER WORKER
(1990 U.S. Dollars)

	U.S.	Japan	Germany	UK	Korea
1960	\$31,842	\$7,676	\$15,748	\$17,414	NA
1970	38,526	18,242	23,841	22,573	\$6,737
1980	40,600	26,038	30,684	27,179	10,773
1990	45,165	34,711	35,736	32,161	19,550

The Japanese produced an average of \$34,711 worth of goods and services per worker in 1990, 23 per cent less than the \$45,165 produced by American workers, and 3 per cent less than Germany's \$35,736 figure. (In converting local currencies to U.S. dollars the Labor Department used the actual purchasing power of each currency rather than official exchange rates.)

Japan has steadily narrowed the productivity gap, however. Between 1960 and 1990 output per worker grew by 41.8 per cent in the U.S.; Japanese output grew by 352 per cent. This does not mean that American workers are growing increasingly "lazy." Worker productivity rises or falls with the amount and quality of tools workers have to do their jobs. Japanese firms, facing much lower tax rates on new investment than U.S. firms, increased their capital per worker at an 8 per cent annual rate during most of this period. In the U.S. the increase was less than 2 per cent per year.

If "laziness" is measured by the number of hours

spent on the job rather than the amount produced, then indeed Mr. Sakurachi has a point. Japanese office workers are notorious workaholics, putting in 500 more hours per year than their German counterparts, and 225 more hours than their American ones.

Indeed, the Japanese are working themselves to death. The *Japan Times* reported that in 1989 more than 1,300 claims were filed against companies in which widows asserted that their spouses were victims of *karoshi*, or death from overwork. Some *karoshi* victims worked fifty days straight and logged more than one hundred hours of overtime each month. One man commuted daily between Tokyo and Osaka (a distance of 220 miles) and was putting in 135 hours of overtime monthly. Although the Japanese government has reluctantly acknowledged the *karoshi* problem, it is unlikely to be able to reverse it. A rapidly aging population, a shortage of skilled workers, and the corporate obsession with productivity have pushed overtime statistics to all-time highs.

Not all "work," however, takes place in the workplace. Painting the house, making beds, cleaning the carpet—all are examples of the productive household activity that never gets counted in GNP. A survey by University of Michigan economist F. Thomas Juster found that American men spend an average of 14 hours per week doing household chores, compared to just 3.5 hours for Japanese men. When you add this time to the time spent at the office, American men work an average of 57.8 hours per week, versus 55.5 hours for Japanese men.

American children, on the other hand, do qualify as world-class lazy. Juster found that Japanese schoolchildren spend 42 hours a week in class, compared with the Americans' 26 hours. More importantly, Japanese students put in an additional 19 hours each week studying outside the classroom, versus just 4 hours for the Americans.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

Franciscan University of Steubenville

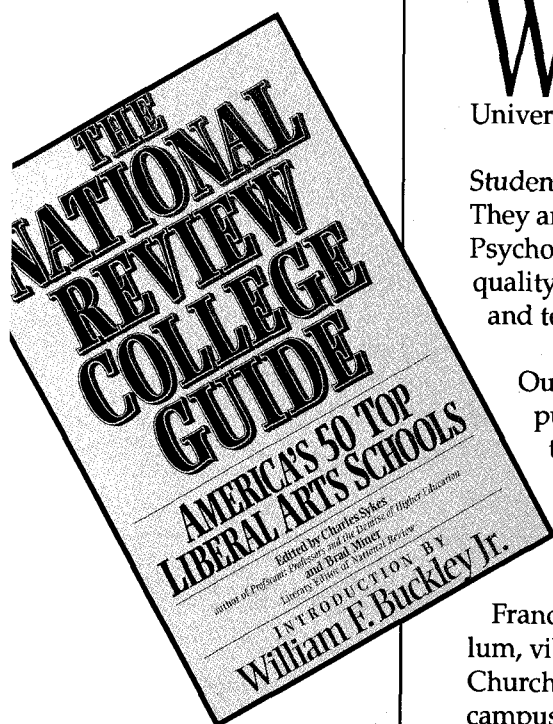
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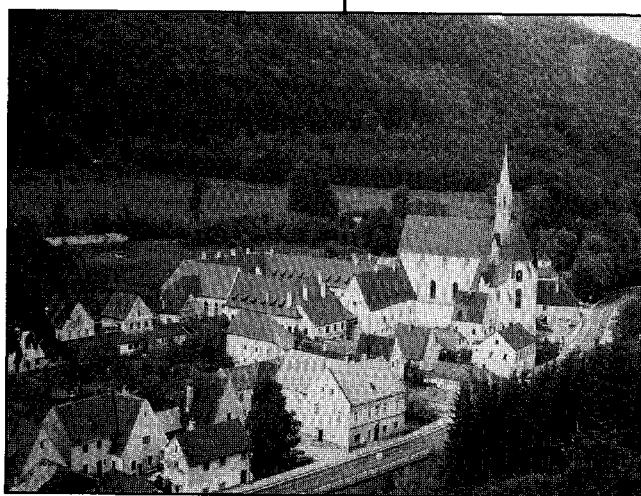
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child without inheritance or ties to the past: "We need to have driven into our heads with a hammer what for others has become habitual, instinctive."

The West—and that includes Germany—must ensure that any aid goes only to economies in which state enterprises are being quickly privatized into a genuinely free-market economy. Even then, large-scale aid from the West will not be an unmixed blessing. It will initiate a new and unhealthy relationship of dependence between the West and the former Soviet republics. In the years ahead, the United States will have the opportunity to drive new ideas into Russian heads and to pay for the privilege while an angry and impoverished people is inevitably tempted to ascribe its failures to us. A gloomy prospect.

The Battle of Algiers

EVEN AS the collapse of the Soviet Union and the Gulf War combined to strike a decisive blow to the traditional source of postwar Arab radicalism—the Nasser-style thugs mouthing "socialist" or pan-Arab slogans—the spread of Islamic fundamentalism has seemed to accelerate. No longer confined to Shiite Iran, the Islamic trend has shown strength in Jordan, in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza, in Tunisia, and now in Algiers, where the army intervened last month to forestall an election victory by the Islamic Salvation Front. The United States cannot wholly escape responsibility for these upheavals. It was at our urging that many moderate Arab regimes adopted more democratic forms, with these perverse results. In some cases, they moved toward democratization in order to win legitimacy for the austere economic reforms pressed on them by the U.S., the IMF, and the World Bank.

The Islamic parties make little secret of their dim view of these economic reforms—and indeed of democracy. If they were to gain full power, even by

democratic means, their program would be not constitutionalism but theocratic authoritarianism. One man, one vote, once. Yet, the West's response is, as so often, intellectually confused. There is a natural reaction that a military takeover is objectionable (or that it is unlikely to succeed). Further, many of our Middle East experts argue that if we truly adhere to our democratic principles we have no right to complain of the electoral result, no matter how anti-American or anti-Western (or anti-democratic) the winners turn out to be. Others continue to urge democratic elections on our Arab friends (including in the Gulf) lest their legitimacy be under a cloud.

We are not convinced by these propositions. Sometimes an Islamic fundamentalist regime will pose a real threat to Western interests; sometimes not; most times there will be nothing that the U.S. could do in either event. But we should feel no obligation to promote the cause of those whose hatred of Western values is their paramount principle. We should ease up on forcing Western electoral forms on societies that have their own dynamics, beyond our ken. We should accept that moderate Arab governments which govern by their own social contract in traditional ways may be as legitimate as any other, and that destabilizing them in the name of democracy will do no one any good if it gives an opening to more regressive forces. When determining our attitude to the rise and fall of political forces in other countries, we should consult our interests before recommending our values.

Fay Vincent Strikes Out

THE Seattle Mariners have been the worst team in modern major-league history, their string of losing seasons the longest on record. They have suffered under a series of absentee owners who sold off or traded enough good players to make up an All Star team. Discouraged Seattle fans stopped coming to games, and instead of improving the team the owners threatened to move it to another city.

But all of a sudden change seemed at hand. A group of investors announced that it would put up \$100 million to buy the team, plus another \$25 million to make it competitive and keep it in Seattle. And so there was joy in Mudville.

It proved transitory. Sixty per cent of the \$125 million was to have been put up by a single investor, Hiroshi Yamauchi, president of Nintendo. That fact, said Baseball Commissioner Fay Vincent, would probably kill the deal. He observed that baseball has "developed a strong policy against approving investors from outside the U.S. and Canada."

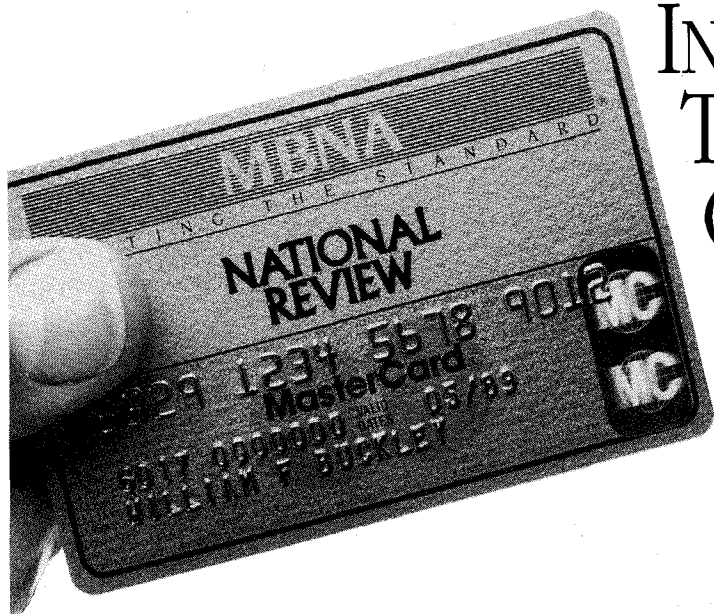
Public reaction in Seattle has been strongly pro-

Santa Anna Laughs Last

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Disport in tennis shoes,
Some print and television ads
Could run in Veracruz,
As English yields to Spanish just
As Montezuma's tongue
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Yamauchi, especially since the chairman of the buyer group is his popular son-in-law, Minoru Arakawa, who has lived in Seattle for 15 years. Indeed, the offer seems entirely benign—if, doubtless, also designed to boost the Japanese company's image. The investors say they do not even expect to make a profit.

A Japanese company is attempting to do Seattle a favor. This deal should go through, and not be deflected by our current anti-Japanese hysteria, which is self-destructive as well as unbecoming.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your column on Professor Steven Magee (*NR*, Dec. 2) you discuss the excellent concept of the "invisible foot" of government. I agree with your statement that "... the invisible foot will forever modify Adam Smith's Invisible Hand," but I was surprised to see the "invisible foot" term attributed to Professor Magee.

In fact, many years ago I was told by Professor Milton Friedman that the concept of the invisible foot of government was developed by Professor Dick Arme (at the time Chairman of North Texas State University's Economics Department), who is now a Republican Member of Congress from Texas's 26th District. Mr. Arme had corresponded with Mr. Friedman on this subject. Arme has used the concept and the term in several speeches since he became a congressman.

I have used Arme's concept in teaching my economics courses for years, and I mention it in my principles textbook, *Economics: The Science of Common Sense*, 5th edition, page 483. The concept is also included in more recent editions of my book.

I don't want to take away from Professor Magee's brilliant essay. But I do think it is important to give Dick Arme credit for the authorship of this "invisible foot" terminology.

Elbert V. Bowden
Professor and Chair of Banking
Appalachian State University
Boone, N.C.

Dear Bill:

In one of your columns I see that you attribute that inspired image, The invisible Foot, to Professor Steven Magee. Magee's essay sounds like a gem on its own merits, and he tells me (I called him out of curiosity to check) with undoubted sincerity that he had never heard of the Invisible Foot before he thought of it. But Dick Arme has to get a footnote. He devised the Invisible

Foot in the early 1980s in response to Milton Friedman's request (in his *Newsweek* column) for a way to label the reason-why-things-always-go-wrong-when-the-government-tries-to-help.

I know this because I mistakenly attributed the Invisible Foot to Professor Friedman in *In Pursuit*, and he set me straight in a hurry. So, like so many other great ideas, the Invisible Foot has more than one inventor.

Best regards,
Charles Murray
Burkittsville, Md.

Dear Charles: It is good that people covet the discovery of the Invisible Foot. Hats off to Dick Arme. Cordially,
Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I found the enclosed in the recent TV listings for PBS. Remarkably, this program initially aired in November and not on April 1:

"Edge. Kitty Kelley, Seymour Hersh, and Bob Woodward discuss the accuracy of their sources."

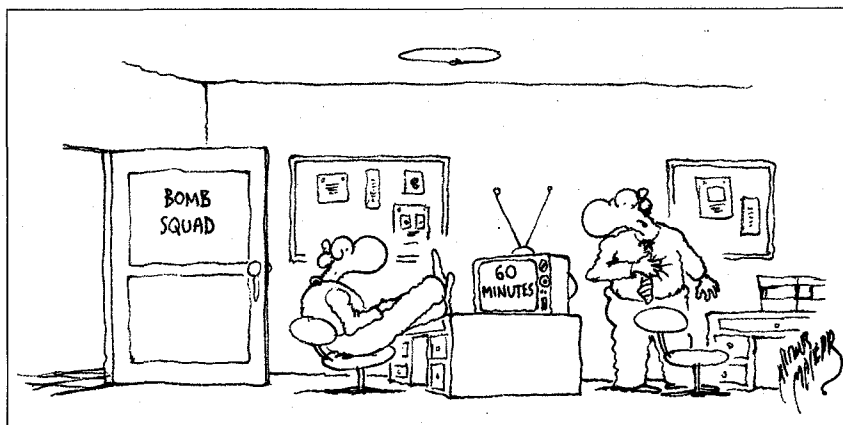
Sincerely
Jeff Levin
Norfolk, Va.

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Linda

I hope you noticed the *Parade* magazine Special Intelligence Report (Jan. 5) which lists you (behind Carl Sagan and Norman Schwarzkopf) as the third most intelligent man in America in the opinion of *Parade's* readers. Congratulations. . . . (Who is Carl Sagan?)
XX Linda

Dear Linda: What I like best about the Intelligence Report is that it lists John Kenneth Galbraith as 17th. I have sent him the clipping with the notation: "Dear Ken: Congratulations! You are a monument to upward mobility!"
XX B

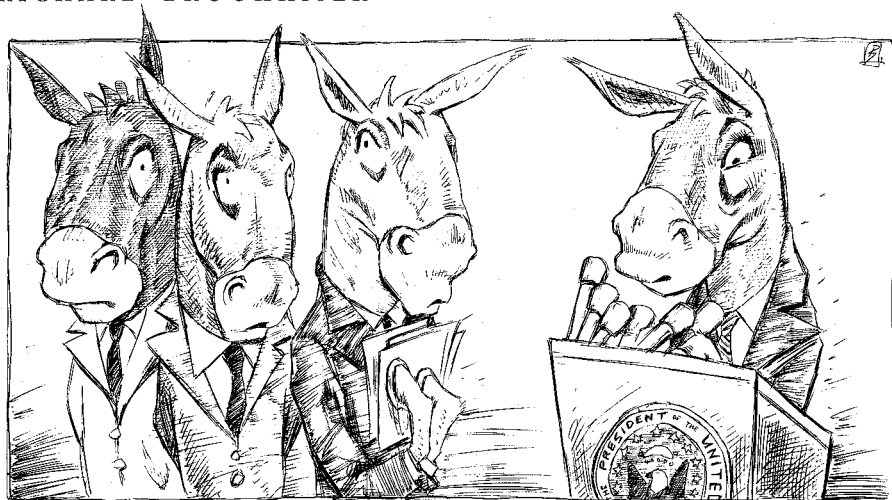
—WFB



"That theme spooks me every time!"

Democratic Disasters

RICHARD BROOKHISER



B NEW YORK CITY/NASHUA, N.H. Y JANUARY of an election year, the process of selecting the President of the last super-power finally gels, and aspirants to the job desert the towns of New Hampshire only for the most compelling political reasons. Picking the pockets of rich liberals is always reason enough to come to New York, but Bill Clinton and Bob Kerrey made flying visits for other purposes besides.

Governor Clinton came ostensibly to pick the pockets of rich Republicans, at a meeting of the Political Club for Growth, a group of politically active conservative businessmen. Clinton told them he was there for "new ideas," and that the times were ripe for them. "Even as a Democrat can address pro-growth Republicans, pro-civil-rights Republicans can be recognized in the inner cities where Democrats have created a living purgatory." But the underclass was not the only class that might draw him and pro-growth Republicans together. "I would consider myself a successful Presi-

dent," said Clinton, "if I created more millionaires than George Bush."

When it came to specifics, Clinton favored tax credits for research and development, in lieu of a capital-gains-tax cut, and giving the middle class a smallish tax cut, which would be made up by raising the top income-tax rate to 38.5 per cent (Clinton says his hike would take effect at \$200,000, but critics say it would start lower than that). In short, there wasn't a lot there for this audience, and what was there was partly bad. So Clinton's stated mission was a washout. His real mission, however, had been accomplished—to demonstrate that he is a Democrat who knows that three straight electoral kicks in the head for liberalism are enough, and who wants to transcend the traditional formulas.

Senator Kerrey visited a different spot, a mobile health-care van parked next to a welfare hotel in Harlem. Inside the van, he met the doctor in charge of the project, and a young Puerto Rican woman living in the hotel and her two small boys. Both had ear infections. "He's a bright kid," the doctor said of the elder. "But hearing-impaired, with a language problem—you can just see his fate unfolding." Outside the van in a bitter wind,

Kerrey told reporters and a few incurious passersby that health was a "gateway issue. If you're not healthy you can't work; you can't go to school. I want to make it a defining issue."

Kerrey has had intimate experience of health care. In 1969, when he was a 26-year-old lieutenant in the Navy SEALs in Vietnam, a grenade blew off the bottom of his right leg during a night-time engagement. Kerrey led his men through their mission, and received the Medal of Honor. But he showed up in Harlem now not because of personal experience, but because he needed a defining issue. Kerrey's political career has leaned heavily on his personal mystique, of which his wound and his recovery are a central part. "When you see a leader," his leaflets declared, "you know it." But voters want not only leadership, but some notion of where they might be led. So Kerrey has turned to national health care to give his campaign concreteness. He was scarcely alone in his interest: since Harris Wofford beat Richard Thornburgh in Pennsylvania, the entire Democratic Party has seized on this as a domestic issue that will float it to power on the wash of the capsizing of Communism. But Kerrey had a bill he could point to, the Health U.S.A. Act, on which he had been working for a long time, maybe even before he thought of running for President.

Days after Kerrey's excursion, the National Council of Senior Citizens sponsored a meeting on health care in Nashua, New Hampshire, which drew the candidates back to home base. It was in many ways a horrible event—an audition for an interest group as greedy as Iowa farmers or Lee Iacocca. But it offered Kerrey and Clinton on the same bill, along with Tom Harkin.

Kerrey's health-care proposal calls for state insurance programs regulated by a National Commission. Most of the money would come from the feds, and it would be raised by a 5 per cent payroll tax (one-fifth of which would be paid by employees, four-fifths by employers). Kerrey explained his plan in a rapid, dreary voice, swallowing his terminal syllables, and mumbling when he was not shouting. The heart of his pitch was still his wound, however. "I walk today; I run today; I live a productive life because the American people provided care. . . . Those of you who have been flat on

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR Senior Editor, is the author of The Way of the WASP and of The Outside Story, an account of the 1984 presidential campaign.

your back putting your life back together know you can't unless you know health care is going to be there." His bill, he said, "removes the fear." The oldsters reacted like potted plants.

But maybe it was not Kerrey's fault after all, because they responded limply to Tom Harkin too. It should have been a group made to order for Senator Harkin, who began by explaining that he was not a microwave Democrat. "You probably don't know what a microwave Democrat is. Well, I'm about to tell ya." One night late, Harkin went on, he came home hungry and put some leftover lasagna in the microwave, and it came out "steaming hot on the outside, but ice cold on the inside." It was like other Democrats, he said, who use hot Democratic rhetoric but endorse cold Republican policies. "I'm a slow-baked, through-and-through, hot-to-the-core Democrat." Harkin cited personal history of his own: his coalminer father's bout with black-lung disease. "I don't have to read about this in any fancy books. I didn't have to learn about this in college, or even Congress."

Harkin served this up in a manner that was lively and enjoyable, if you like country hams. But it didn't play in Nashua. Perhaps the reason lay in the fatuity of Harkin's plan, which was no plan at all, but a promise to sit business, labor, farmers, and oldsters around a table—"I'll sit at the head of the table; I won't go to Europe and Japan"—and have them hammer out a bill which would embody principles supplied by him. This was the blue-ribbon-commission dodge—don't ask me what I think, I'll know when other people think it for me—even if Harkin dressed a few of his commissioners in overalls. More fantastic still, one of Harkin's principles was that taxes would not have to be raised, since the money Washington now collects in health-related taxes was sufficient; all we have to do is "spend it smarter." Harkin was smart enough to know that there are political limits to liberalism, but not smart enough to see that acknowledging them rendered his plan absurd.

Clinton, the would-be maker of millionaires, was probably least sympathetic to this group, but he explained his notions energetically. I got the feeling he also didn't much care what they thought of him; since the front-

runner talk began, he has been wearing a smug half-smile like Captain Kirk in *Star Trek*. In specificity, Clinton's ideas were somewhere between Kerrey's bill and Harkin's bedtime story. He plugged the German system of health care, which had the advantage that, unlike the Canadian system, no one knows anything about it. He made one interesting argument, in the course of a scornful digression on Bush's trip to Japan. Clinton sympathized with the traveling auto executives on one point: the sticker price on every American car includes \$700 in workers' health care, while Japanese and European cars pass on half that amount. "I say that," he told his audience, "so you can make common cause with the businessmen of America." Such a combination would constitute "a majority. . . . There is no sector in American life which doesn't have an interest" in cheaper health care. Was this old-style coalition building, or a Democrat feeling his way back to some notion of the common good?

Paul Tsongas sat out the Nashua event, yet the other candidates must be mindful of him. Tsongas's early entry into the race was greeted with derision; one Massachusetts congressman, remembering Dukakis, is said to have asked him, "Why don't you Greeks stick to the diner business?" Yet Tsongas has held up in New Hampshire polls. He has billed himself, with drily passionate perversity, as a friend of business. Since his ideas of friendship run along the lines of industrial policy, he won't get any checks from the Political Club for Growth either. Yet he has not been afraid to take positions that are unpopular among Democrats. In January he slammed Kerrey and Harkin as protectionists who would "take us over the economic cliff. That is immoral." Someone should pass the line along to George Bush, the next time he has to go to New Hampshire, or think whom to take to Japan.

THE BIOGRAPHIES of the Democrats all reflect the abnormality of normal life.

Bill Clinton was born William Blythe, three months after his father was thrown from a car and killed. His mother married Roger Clinton, a violent drunkard (Bill's half-brother would become a cocaine addict). Clinton endured his stepfather as long as

he had to, then escaped to Georgetown, Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, and Yale Law School. While at Yale he met his future wife, a devout feminist; they helped run George McGovern's Texas campaign. In 1976, he was elected attorney general of Arkansas, and two years later, at the age of 32, he was elected governor.

He brought unaccustomed flash to his state. Too much flash, Arkansans apparently thought, since they turned him out two years later. In 1982, though, he was again elected (his wife had finally taken his surname in the interval, which helped), and started pushing ideas like choice among public schools, revoking the drivers' licenses of dropouts, and putting non-violent first offenders in boot camps. He also tried, with slight success, to raise taxes to pay for higher salaries for teachers (enemies nicknamed him "Billion-Dollar Bill"). Four years ago, he gave one of the dullest speeches in the history of man at the Democratic convention in Atlanta, but he has earned forgiveness by not repeating the offense.

Bob Kerrey was the son of a successful contractor, a frat president at the University of Nebraska, and a Republican as late as 1978. But his Vietnam experience made him antiwar, and when he ran for governor of Nebraska in 1982, he ran as a Democrat. The most notable achievement of his term was his affair with actress Debra Winger (Kerrey had been married for four years in the Seventies). He chose not to run for re-election, though he stood high in the polls. In 1988, he took on a Republican senator, and won handily. In the Senate, he fought unsuccessfully to raise price supports for farmers, and he voted against the savings-and-loan bailout. He at first criticized the Supreme Court's decision that flag-burning was free speech, but then said that the push for an anti-flag-burning amendment made him "weep for America." He strongly opposed the Gulf War and predicted heavy casualties, but after it was over he said that "America has just done something good."

Black-lung disease was not the only illness in Tom Harkin's life. One of his brothers went deaf; his mother, a Yugoslav immigrant, died when he was ten. Harkin went to Iowa State on a Navy ROTC scholarship, and spent five years in the service. His first

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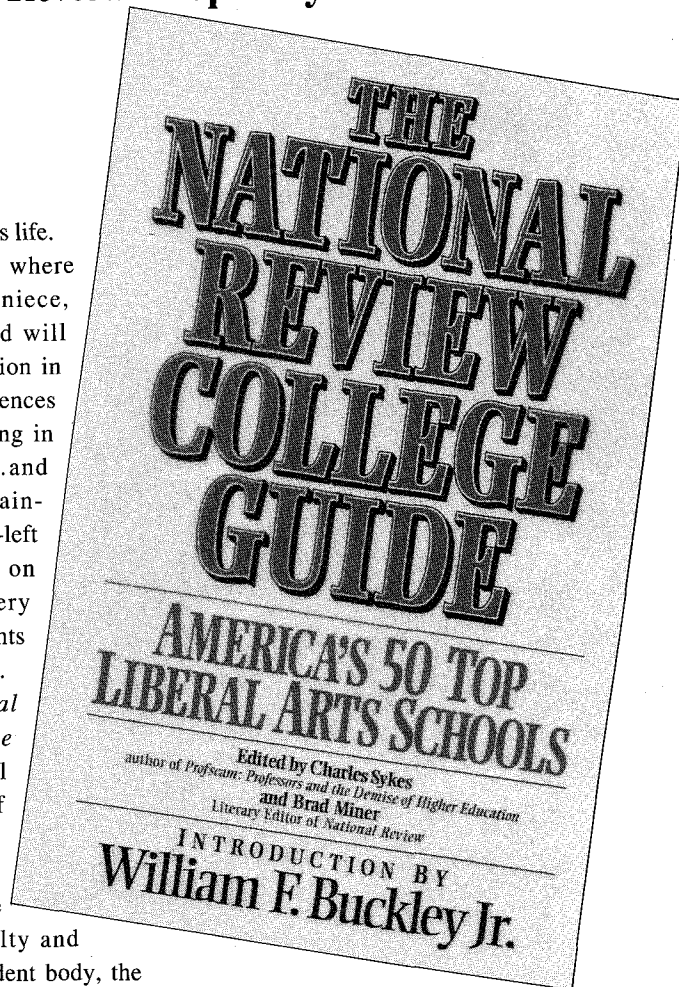
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brush with fame came in 1970, when he was staff aide to a House committee touring Vietnam. He photographed the "tiger cages," grim cells in which the South Vietnamese kept prisoners, then sold the pictures to *Life* for \$10,000. The pictures added one more layer of tarnish to South Vietnam's reputation here, and the check put Harkin through law school.

Harkin won a House seat in 1974, and a Senate seat ten years later. His first senatorial campaign was marked by, well, lying: he implied he was pro-life, and he said he was a Vietnam veteran (apart from the tiger-cage jaunt, his only experience in Vietnam was flying planes to Japan for repairs). Once in the Senate, he stuck up for the Sandinistas, and proposed raising farm prices by controlling production. In the Disabilities Act of 1990, he backed a winner. One of his campaign devices is the "work day"—spending a day doing some blue-collar job. In New Hampshire, he laid sewer pipes.

Paul Tsongas's first brush with woe came shortly after he was born, when his mother was diagnosed as having tuberculosis. She was put in a sanatorium, and the closest thing to a memory of her that he has is playing beneath her window. Tsongas went to Dartmouth, to Ethiopia and the West Indies with the Peace Corps, and to Yale Law School. When he first thought of going into politics, his father, who owned a dry-cleaning establishment, wanted him to join the GOP, but Paul made the wiser choice for Massachusetts. After six years in local government, he went to the House in 1974. In 1978, he won a crowded Senate primary against, among other people, a lesbian and Howard Phillips, and went on to unseat the Republican incumbent. Five years later, his second brush began when he felt a lump in his groin, which turned out to be lymphoma. Tsongas resigned from the Senate and underwent three years of treatment, culminating in a bone-marrow transplant. When he entered the presidential race last March, Bush's post-Desert Storm polls stood at 91 per cent. Tsongas jokingly credits his candidacy with the subsequent drop.

These four men cover the range of Democratic options. Harkin is metro Left. He bashes Japan and Mexico on the trade issue, and thinks public-works projects can put "millions" to work. He never met an idea of Harry

Truman's that he didn't like (except, of course, fighting the cold war). Kerrey began by running on his past. There is a bitter Australian antiwar song about an amputee, called "And the Band Played 'Waltzing Matilda.'" A year and a half ago, Kerrey's toneless renditions of it enthralled Democrats and reporters alike. When reporters stopped being enthralled, he wheeled out health care as an issue, but his mechanical insistence on it is likely to wear thin even sooner.

Tsongas and Clinton come from what passes for the Democratic Right. Tsongas believes his party has a neurotic fear of business. He expresses his fondness for it by pledging to rebuild America's manufacturing base through carefully targeted R&D subsidies and tax breaks. Clinton would have us believe that his new ideas are aspects of one overarching idea. Americans must think of themselves, he says, as "one community with a common interest. . . . There is no *them* any more, there's only *us*." Both men echo earlier models, none of them auspicious. The last Democrat to try a rhetorical end-run around the special interests was poor John Glenn. Tsongas's industrial policy recalls an early Eighties trend, which he represented when he was in the Senate, and which went under the name of neoliberalism.

There is nothing, in short, that should worry Republicans. But then,

Republicans had not reckoned on George Bush.

THREE wild cards could affect Democratic jostlings over the next few weeks.

The first is Jerry Brown. I hadn't planned to write about him because I had written him off. But in the January 19 debate, Brown came out for a flat tax of 13 to 14 per cent, then railed darkly about corruption in government. He was to the right of Pat Buchanan, and to the left of Oliver Stone. Messages are important, but part of the message is the credibility of the messenger. Will New Hampshire-ites entrust tax-cutting to someone who talks like an old hippie?

Then there is the Clinton sex story. This little number has been brewing for months but the tempo has suddenly picked up (see "The Week").

Finally, there is the effect of the Republican race. The weaker Bush gets, the more winnability may loom as a factor for Democrats. In mid January, the New Hampshire Poll showed him leading Buchanan by only 46 to 30. The best thing that could happen to George Bush would be for Buchanan to shellac him. Time after time—when Saddam invaded Kuwait; when Reagan was shot; when he was a Navy bomber pilot—Bush has shown that he does best when disaster beckons. It's beckoning, and he's still doing his worst. □

As Tokyo Sees Us

DONALD KIRK

THE SNIPING in the pages of *Asahi Shimbun*, Japan's most influential newspaper, captures the mood of its mass readership of educated and prosperous Japanese. One day a columnist signing himself merely "Wind"—the same Chinese character used in the word *kamikaze*, or "divine wind"—likens Lee Iacocca to "a low-class *yakuza* who would knock on the door trying to sell anything, like an elastic band." The next day the editorial page sports a cartoon of a black octopus named "Scandal" pouring ink onto a woebegone Prime

Mr. Kirk is a veteran foreign correspondent.

Minister Kiichi Miyazawa, caught up in a widening bribery case that has already resulted in the arrest of one of his closest political allies.

Through it all there is an air of philosophical ho-hum among devoted *Asahi* readers, to whom the newspaper represents the essence of the mystical Japanese "consensus." They have been reading these stories—or stories like them—for years. If it isn't a case of high-handed pressure from Washington, then it's a revelation of unethical if not downright criminal activity on the part of the political elite that is in titular control of their country but is presumed to represent shadowy figures in a world of finance and criminal



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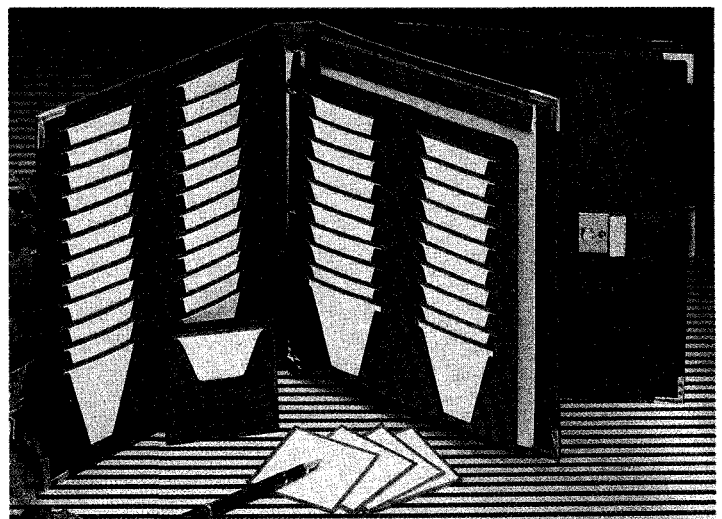
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activity that flourished well before the opening of Japan under a different form of trade “pressure”—Commodore Perry’s “Black Ships”—in the nineteenth century.

In the polite confines of a middle-class home—four or five rooms worth well over a million dollars, located in this affluent Tokyo suburb just an enviable 45-minute subway ride away from teeming Shinjuku station—there is a sense not of hopelessness but of helplessness. There’s not much one can do about the Americans, or about the nation’s nominal leaders.

Japanese “acceptance,” though, is not as passive as the term might imply. Always there is patriotism, and an instinctive affinity for authority. Thus the speaker of the lower house of the diet, Yoshio Sakurauchi, is “foolish” to have remarked that Americans are “lazy,” says Azusa Imamura, a college graduate and former “office lady,” now studying full time for the treacherous national accountants’ examination held annually in July. Everybody knows Sakurauchi is right, says Azusa, but “you have to think about the reaction of those who hear what he says as a Japanese politician.” Japanese like Azusa cannot bear the thought of one of their own venerable leaders offending the foreigner. But why does she believe Sakurauchi? Azusa pauses, anxious not to compound the offense. “From my data,” she says with brows-furrowed studiousness, “it”—that “laziness,” that “30 per cent illiteracy”—“is a social problem for America.”

Wherever one goes, from the wild opulence of the shopping streets to cramped apartments inhabited by workers paying several times the rent of typical Americans, there is a sense of wrong. “We can import more American cars,” acknowledges a father watching over his child in a playground, “but who is going to buy them?” Possibly the only saving grace of President Bush’s ill-fated stop in Japan was his illness. “We are compassionate people,” insists a Machida housewife. “We did not want to see our guest become ill. We feel sorry for him.” If Bush and his fellow-traveling capitalists otherwise conjure most unpleasant memories, they are easily forgotten amid daily headlines on “Japan-bashing” by Democratic congressmen. “We want Bush for a second term,” says the housewife. “We know anybody else will be worse.” She can scarcely hide her indignation at the unfairness of it. “Why do you think you can’t produce better cars?” she asks. “You must be extremely dumb to do such lousy cars year after year. We are so upset the way the Americans push us around!”

The Americans are not the only ones. In a society united by history in suspicion of foreigners, a bothersome outside world presses ever more heavily on the Japanese consciousness. No sooner had Bush and his gang departed than those Koreans, former colonial people grown obstreperous with their own rise to (more modest) riches, got into the act. There was Miyazawa again, this time in Seoul meeting with

South Korea’s President Roh Tae Woo, answering Korean “demands” for greater market access with an “Action Program” that seemed about as vague as the “Tokyo Declaration” that ended his talks with Bush. The Japanese hardly know what to think about the chorus of interviews with one-time Korean “comfort girls”—pathetic old ladies recalling their forced servitude as prostitutes for Japanese soldiers during World War II. “Why don’t the Koreans forget about the past?” asks Keiko Hayashi, pouring morning coffee at a stand-up canteen in Machida station. “We know nothing about those things”—roughly the response of Japanese whenever American reporters asked for ruminations on Pearl Harbor in December. Hayashi seems more concerned about a problem closer to home—hundreds of Iranians swarming over the parks of Shinjuku, sometimes boarding late trains and menacing the tranquillity of Machida. Yes, says a teacher from Oberlin (O-bee-reen—the pronunciation of a local college that borrowed its name from the American one), “anti-foreignism is getting stronger and stronger.” Those Iranian workers, he says, “we are getting really hysterical about them.”

The front pages of *Asahi Shimbun* remind their loyal following of other worries. Miyazawa, unquestionably affable, a bureaucrat who knows his way around almost every ministry in Tokyo, now emerges in the popular mind as a crook in his own right, not just a puppet. No one doubted Miyazawa’s obligations to the people who put him into power last fall. The sense, however, was that he hovered slightly above the quagmire—close enough to know what was going on without dirtying his shoes.

The arrest of a former associate of Miyazawa’s on charges of extracting more than \$600,000 worth of bribes from a construction company may conspire with other scandals to force him out of office. Under the circumstances, Miyazawa may find concessions to the United States untenable. Open up to rice imports, and the Liberal Democratic Party may lose the support of the farmers, who form its biggest bloc of donors and backstage power-brokers. Give in to U.S. motor-vehicle manufacturers, and there goes the industrial power base.

For Miyazawa, the answer may be his skill with words. Thus he had to

appear to Americans to "commit" Japan to importing twenty thousand U.S. cars a year. At the same time, he had to make clear to his Japanese constituency that he was only talking about a "target." If the distinction is unsettling to Americans, it more properly goes without saying among Japanese. "That is those Japanese aristocrats' way of talking," says Azusa

Imamura. "It is the same way for the Japanese political world—but not for the outside world." Miyazawa's offense, like that of Sakurauchi, is not one of substance but of style. "We heard he is good at English," says Azusa, "but his way of talking with America is foolish." □

Superficially, the changes in East German cities have been staggering. In East Berlin a year ago, you could saunter across the Unter den Linden with your eyes closed; today you would be mowed down by traffic as hectic as anything in London or Paris. (As one of the benefits of Western Civilization, travelers on the *Autobahn* between Berlin and Nuremberg recently found themselves caught in a sixty-mile traffic jam and had to spend the night in their cars.) New restaurants are popping up everywhere, with good food and lively service hitherto unknown. Shops once laden with drab, utilitarian products are now crammed with Western luxuries.

In Dresden's Neustadt, on a soulless Stalinist agglomeration called Liberation Street (*Befreiungstrasse*—perhaps at least this name will be allowed to remain), I found deluxe designer kitchens for sale at \$20,000. But who on earth can afford them? My companion explained to me that, the day "The Change" came, every "Ossi" (as they are patronizingly called in the West) went on a wild spree, and spent savings hoarded during the years when there were no consumer goods to buy. They would even throw their money away on costly West German beer—though the East German product was every bit as good. Now they had largely exhausted their savings, and—with unemployment so menacing—were wondering, What next?

After a lecture I gave in Dresden—my first visit since 1979, when it was grimly Stalinist—I accompanied a dozen or so of my audience for dinner at a local restaurant. Mostly professional people, ranging from surgeons and biochemists to university professors, they were a congenial and friendly group, perhaps gentler and more relaxed, and relaxing, than their equivalents in Düsseldorf might have been. Several admitted, without evident embarrassment, to having been members of the Communist SED—which they would not have done a year ago—and there appeared to be no rancor between them and those who had *not* joined the Party. (Nor, in marked contrast to what one would find in the Soviet Union today, was there any bitterness about the oppression of the past half-century.)

Only one, an English teacher, had qualified praise for the benefits brought by "The Change": with shin-

No Three Cheers

ALISTAIR HORNE



Dan Reed

FROM the window of the train from Dresden to Berlin, almost empty and still with the red plush upholstery inherited from the Third Reich, I saw a series of remarkable and reassuring sights. First we passed an endless train of flat cars, loaded up with Red Army armor heading east; a few miles further, on an airfield where lay the biggest scrapheap of wrecked military planes I've ever seen, a crane was swinging a massive iron ball against one of those giant Soviet helicopters. Outside Zossen, formerly the GHQ of both Hitler's *Wehrmacht* and the Communist *Volksarmee*, some Russian soldiers were endeavoring futilely to manhandle a huge railroad tanker that seemed to have lost its locomotive.

It was a year ago that East Germany became officially reunited with *der Vaterland*. Then, such indications

of withdrawal and collapse of the "Evil Empire" would have been a cause of unqualified rejoicing. Now, after a year's experience of Helmut Kohl and the new West German occupation (which is how many east of the River Elbe see it), although no one wants the Russians to stay a moment longer than necessary, the euphoria is distinctly muted.

One good reason why my first-class compartment to Berlin was empty is that, though the 150-mile journey costs an incredibly modest (by British standards) \$20, few can afford it. Predictably, *Wiedervereinigung* (literally, reunification, or "The Change," as East Germans mildly call it) has had a devastating impact on the rickety economy of the former GDR. Already, in a society where unemployment was unheard of, there are an estimated 1.5 million workless in a total population of 18 million—and worse to come. Already many hopelessly uncompetitive industries have simply been closed down—such as Eisenach's Wartburg, which produced half of East Germany's antiquated and pollutive automobiles, and gave employment to ten thousand.

Mr. Horne was the London Daily Telegraph correspondent in Germany in the early Fifties, and has revisited East Germany three times in the past two years. His biography of Harold Macmillan has been reissued in paperback by Viking/Penguin.

ing eyes he asked, "Have you seen the new Haussmann's Tower? It's our pride and joy, a symbol of what we have been given." I had seen it: 13 years ago it stood like a gaping, burnt-out skull—a memento still of the terrible Anglo-American raid of February 1945, exceeded in ferocity only by Hiroshima, which had destroyed this baroque jewel of a city and killed over forty thousand of its inhabitants. Now it bore a dazzling golden spire, rushed up by Chancellor Kohl just in time for the first anniversary of "The Change."

I asked the table if they would draw up for me a profit-and-loss account of the first year of reunification. Unanimously they declared that, top of the list on the profit side, came *freedom to travel*. One woman with a faded face—who, like so many older people in East Germany, looked seventy instead of her sixty years—said she had been 12 times to Leningrad, but only once to London (in the past year), and was making her first visit to West Germany (to Munich) next month. It reminded me of Ernest Bevin's famous definition of freedom: "To buy a ticket from Victoria Station to anywhere you bloody well please."

One man put high on his list, "More flowers in the windowboxes!" but, curiously enough, none of them gave a high place to any of the traditional Four Freedoms. What was the point of freedom of speech, or of the press, they said, when a major change in the GDR regime could only have been effected through a nuclear war—which was unacceptable? It had been better to "go along," trying to motivate small reforms from the inside.

Privately I reflected that maybe this was how many good Germans had also reacted to Nazi rule.

In terms of standard of living, they pointed out (correctly) that the old GDR had been much better off than its Eastern Bloc neighbors. More choice now in the shops and competition in the restaurants rated some support; but the downer was, of course, the spiraling costs in a freed economy.

On the debit side, there was also near unanimity on Point One: anxiety about the future. Would there be a job next month? How would they pay the rent? Next came discrimination: when it came to advertising for jobs, the "Wessis" always won out. Then came the crime wave, and extremism, which had accompanied Western values. My

presenter, a Stuttgarter who had gone east in search of opportunity, had had six stars stolen off the front of his Mercedes in as many months; there was a huge trade—organized by the Polish "Mafia," he alleged—in stolen cars, which were run across the frontier and then sold in Russia. All deplored equally the rise of the new racist "skinheads" and the conservative reaction of "shoot the bastards."

The following day, a university engineer working on alternative energy (and an unashamed former member of the SED) accompanied me around Dresden and contributed his own debit. His department had been taken over by administrators from Essen; in itself, that was not a bad thing—"Without them we would not begin to know how to fill in West German forms." But he declared, to my great surprise: "Now we have ten times as much bureaucracy as before." The same applied to the National Health Service, which (having served in England on the staff of the GDR embassy) he rated on a par with the British. In the university, he added, there was much less freedom to decide on appointments and courses. (I thought to myself that, if it was a question of rooting out what was "politically correct" under the old regime, this might not altogether be a bad thing.)

We passed a demonstration, a candle-lit vigil, of young students protesting the closing down (by the new authorities) of a long-standing radio program designed especially for students; that morning the papers had carried protests by schoolchildren—"We want our teacher back."

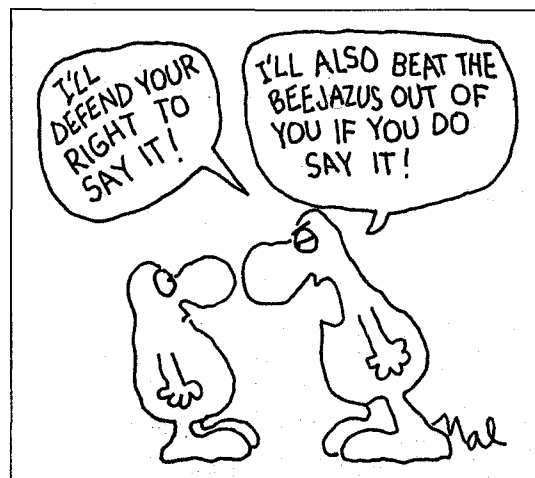
The professor admitted that he thought he could live more easily in Britain than West Germany. I queried whether he was just saying this to please me, as a Brit, or because he found us as lazy and inefficient as the "Ossis" were alleged to be. He protested sharply: no, it was "because the quality of life is better." Having traveled extensively both in frenetic West Germany and in the leisurely East—which amid all the pollution, still retains many traditionalist charms—I had to concede his point.

ONE ISSUE that greatly concerned all "Ossis" and "Wessis" alike (and still does, although the first sentences have now been passed) was the trial of *Volks-*

armee soldiers accused of shooting down people trying to escape over the dreaded wall. Sentences were lenient, but they were coupled with the very possible return of the hated Honcker—who remains sheltered by an increasingly unfriendly Moscow, and who would probably be charged with "crimes against humanity" if he were to be handed over to Germany. Germans ask themselves, Where should the buck stop? Should only the unfortunate privates be punished for carrying out "superior orders"? On both sides of the Elbe there are nasty memories of Nuremberg, the resented "conquerors' justice" whereby anyone transmitting an illegal order was heavily punished.

Equally widespread, in East and West, is strong resistance to any German involvement in an "out-of-area" peace-keeping force: for instance, deployable to save tragic Dubrovnik. At a symposium conducted by NATIONAL REVIEW last fall, a young Czech conservative with the face of a medieval martyr had eloquently asserted that, whereas he did not fear the present "good" Germany, there was a serious danger that chaos in Eastern Europe might, in the future, force her to intervene—against her will. Sitting in Dresden, I wondered what might happen if, in ten or twenty years, Czechs and Slovaks took up arms against each other, and priceless Prague—less than a hundred miles away—were threatened with destruction *à la* Dubrovnik. Would the Germans still stand quietly by? The question underlined the conclusion reached at the NR gathering: for the sake of the world, U.S. forces *must* remain in Central Europe. But what if their bases were no longer available in Germany? This was a scenario I found quite widely supported in Bonn.

As for the future prospects of East Germany, after its first year of "The Change," informed opinion like *The Economist* takes a rather more optimistic long-term view than my friends in Dresden. But one has to sympathize with them in their *Angst* about the hard times that lie immediately ahead. They remind one of that magical final act of *Fidelio*—which used to be shown so often, symbolically, in West Berlin—of the prisoners emerging, blinking and disoriented, out of their dungeons into the blinding sunshine of Freedom. □



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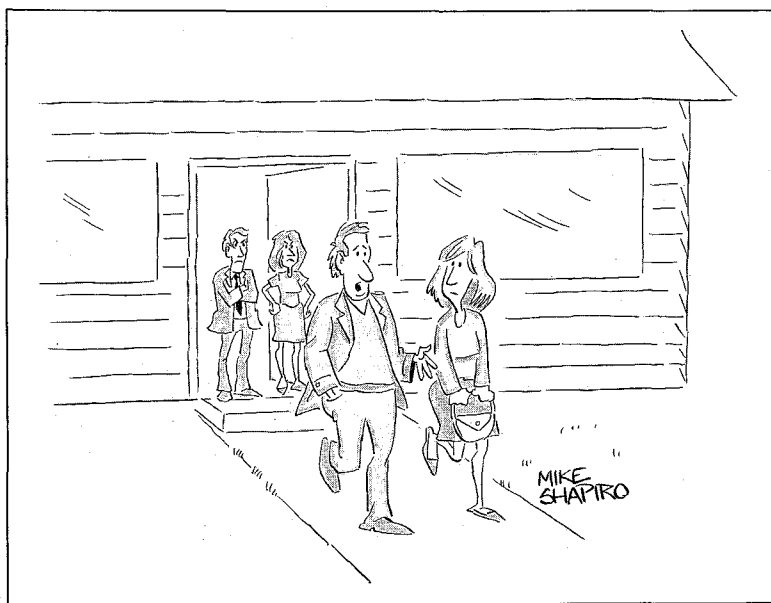


"THE PRICE CONTROLS HAVE BEEN LIFTED AND A MARKET ECONOMY IN PLACE FOR HOURS, DAN, BUT THE SHELVES ARE STILL EMPTY!!..."

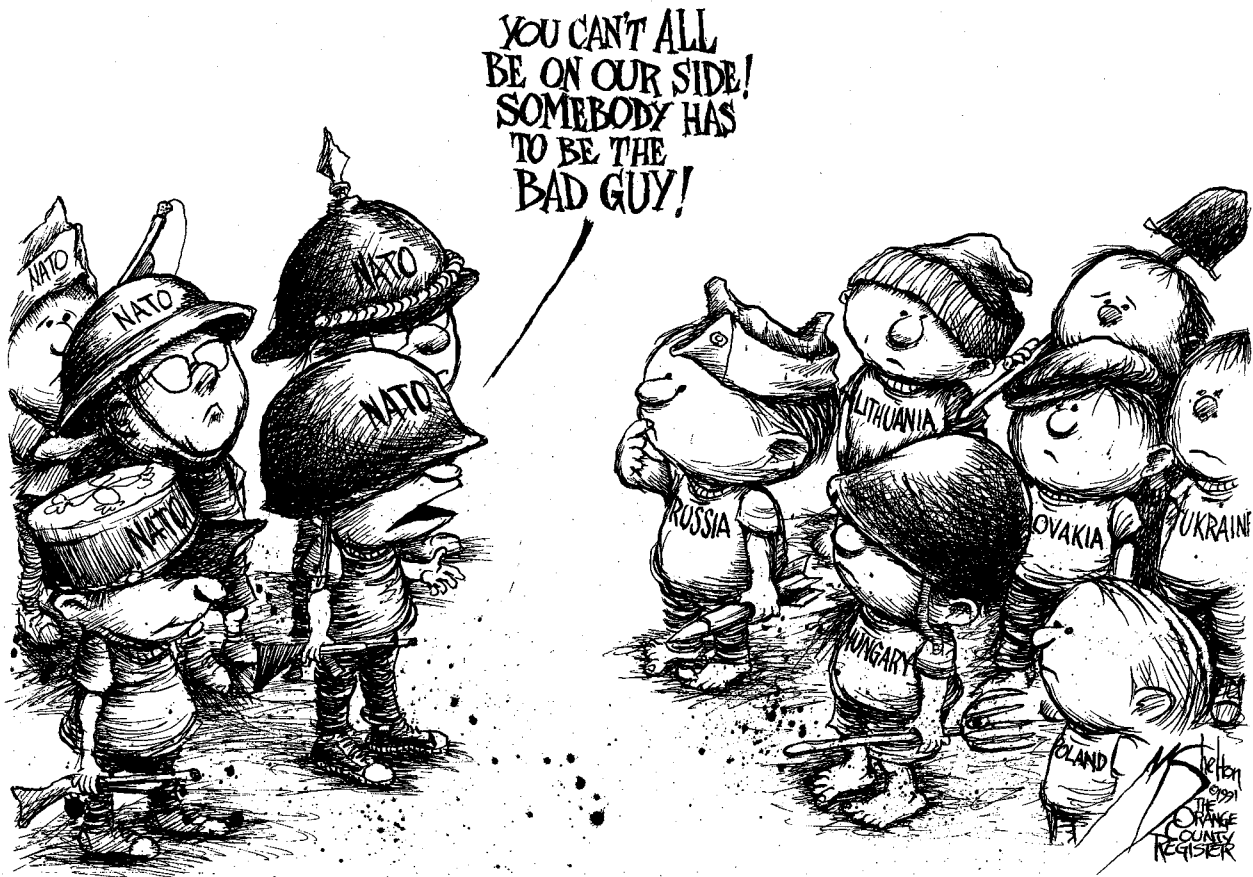
Drifting Toward New Hampshire

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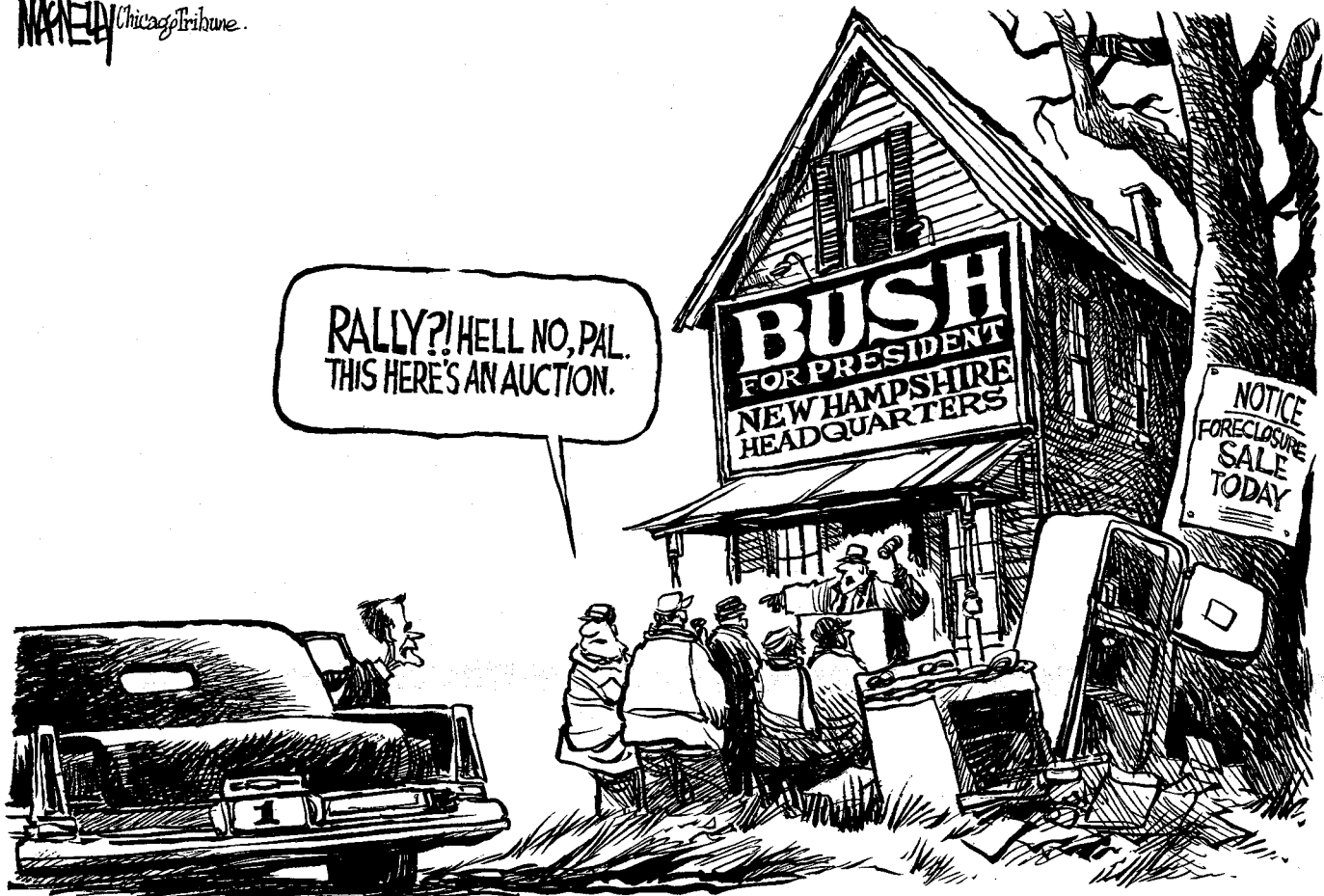
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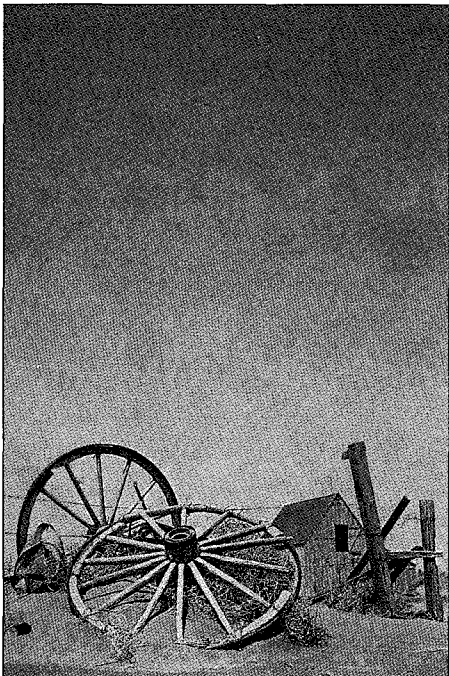


"I can't understand it. It sounded so good when George Will said it."



N. K. NEA Chicago Tribune





Ah, Iowa!

CRIMES OF THE HEARTLAND

Iowa, first stop for presidential campaigners, is no longer the corn-fed, placid place that maybe it never was. But some bright politicians don't think it's changing nearly fast enough.

LORRIN ANDERSON

*We-e-e're from Ioway. Ioway!
State of all the land,
Joy on every hand . . .*

YES! Practically every Iowan knows the Corn Song by heart, and the unofficial state anthem pretty much captures the rollicking spirit of the prairie. To tell the truth, though, the joy hasn't been entirely unalloyed lately. While most of the country was booming through the Eighties, an agricultural bust devastated farmers who had overextended themselves when it looked as though the sweet times might last forever. Farmers who had been more wary of the easy credit offered by the banks generally escaped the worst ravages, and many of them are still prospering. But there's still plenty to worry about—the weather, always (1991 was a rough year—flooding rains in the spring, a drought in the summer, and an early, killing frost that chewed up the soybeans in September). And of course the recession. It's been milder in Iowa than in a lot of other places, but it has taken its toll on industrial and service employment. And Iowa isn't just an agricultural state any more. Sixty per cent of its people live in urban areas now, and farm jobs—would you believe it, in Iowa?—account for only about 5 per cent of total employment. The state government is in a severe budget crisis, and Iowa's reputation for financial rectitude has been further tarnished by a sort of mini S&L scandal involving the Iowa Trust, which handled investments for scores of unsuspecting cities and counties. The Trust is in receivership, and local governments across the state stand to lose millions of dollars.

Mr. Anderson, a former producer and editor with WNBC-TV News in New York, describes himself as a Swede from Iowa.

And now there's this embarrassing racial thing.

The focus of that, as most tuned-in Americans know by now, is Dubuque, population 58,000, sitting there on the Mississippi in what is (debatably) said to be "the whitest county in the country." The city itself is 98.4 per cent white, and a couple of years ago its political establishment, led by Mayor James Brady and City Manager Ken Gearhart, decided that Dubuque's citizens were suffering from diversity deprivation. The result was a penitent document entitled "We Want to Change" and a visionary step into the future called the Constructive Integration Plan, under which the city was to sponsor the importation of twenty non-white families a year, "until our community is enriched and enhanced with one hundred new minority families by 1995."

Cultural Deprivation

AS IT TURNED OUT, the citizens of Dubuque were not, in general, feeling any severe pain from their underprivileged cultural condition, or all that enthusiastic about racial import quotas to alleviate it. The reaction quickly got nasty. Vulgar racial graffiti appeared, and a fringe element of overstimulated young bloods started burning crosses, mostly on public spaces with no specific targets, but in one case in the yard of Alice Scott, a welfare mother of three who had recently moved to Dubuque from Milwaukee. Somebody, presumably white, also tossed a rock through her window.

Other white Dubuquers brought presents and condolences to Mrs. Scott. But the state's press and television played the racist terror story for all it was worth and more, and what followed was a spate of incidents elsewhere, equally well publicized: cross-burnings on public

spaces in Des Moines and Waterloo . . . similar occurrences in Jefferson and Iowa City . . . a hate letter in the school locker of a 13-year-old black girl in the little town of Alta. Iowa agonized over what the *Des Moines Register*, in a lead headline on the front page, called its “new racist image.” Phil Donahue and ABC’s *20/20* took up the chant. Dubuque joined Selma and Howard Beach and Bensonhurst and Burning Mississippi on the roster of racist infamy.

The fact is that Dubuque is quite probably no more “racist” than the rest of the Hawkeye State, and “bigotry” is hardly rampant—Iowans, insofar as you can generalize, tend to be a tolerant lot. It should be acknowledged, though, that the city was conceived in patriarchal sin. It is the oldest (white) settlement in Iowa, and its founding father was Julien Dubuque, a French-Canadian entrepreneur who, while perhaps not as culpable as Columbus, was nonetheless one of those Euro-brigands out to despoil a hitherto Arcadian continent. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, Dubuque came down from Quebec and seduced the Fox Indians into letting him exploit the rich lead mines of the area (*lead!*), then expanded his enterprises with a brisk fur trade (*fur!*). No precise record of date rape survives, but he is also said to have had a wicked way with the ladies. The lead mines, meanwhile, were worked by the Indians, under French-Canadian overseers. Inexplicably, the Native Americans failed to comprehend their own exploitation (they got paid) and seem to have retained a warm affection for Julien right up to the end, honoring him with the indigenous equivalent of a state funeral when he died, at the age of 48, in 1810.

The state’s history since then is hardly unblemished, or free of unsavory nativism—the Klan was a political force here once. But that was sixty or seventy years ago, and its present-day spiritual heirs, like the Posse Comitatus, are a numerically insignificant fringe. There used to be a lot of anti-Catholic prejudice—a Catholic teacher couldn’t get a job in some of the Protestant towns—but that has largely faded away, and while anti-Semitic attitudes are still fairly common they don’t seem to be especially virulent, unless you’re disposed to argue that anti-Semitism doesn’t come in degrees.

Racial prejudices of course endure to some extent, but the state has been zealous in trying to wipe out the vestiges of discrimination, sometimes journeying to the dottier frontiers of affirmative action. All school districts are now required to have minority hiring plans, and that’s not always easy in rural areas, where the population is mostly white. The school superintendent in one Iowa town was delighted to find that a white teacher he had just hired on her own merits was married to an *African* (from Africa). So he was able to say on the affirmative-action forms that his district was making all possible efforts to attract minority teachers “or teachers married to a minority.” Which seems to

have kept the education bureaucrats in Des Moines happy, for the time being anyway. (The interracial couple, incidentally, has run into no noticeable hostility in that small Iowa community.)

State law also mandates “goals” under which 10 per cent of a school district’s spending is supposed to go to “targeted minority businesses,” a category that includes firms owned by women. At first that was seen as a bit of a joke, since such businesses simply are not common in many parts of Iowa. But now superintendents have to file detailed forms twice a year, and there’s some apprehension that the state may get still more coercive, inducing administrators to go far afield for basic school supplies or accept higher contract bids at the expense of good financial management.

Unintended Consequences

IN THE Dubuque area (which includes parts of Illinois and Wisconsin), a survey released in November by a progressive outfit called Tri-State Community 2000 indicated that 88 per cent of the people look favorably on “racial and ethnic diversity” and 86 per cent think “positive attitudes” on racial issues are im-



“Well, there goes the neighborhood.”

portant. At least the respondents were sufficiently in tune with the *Zeitgeist* to know what you’re supposed to tell pollsters.

Community 2000 didn’t ask people what they thought of Dubuque’s Constructive Integration Plan, which was a smart PR move since they would have gotten strikingly different answers, *Zeitgeist* or no *Zeitgeist*. Because the Plan could hardly have been more effectively designed to stir up racial animosity if that had been the intention.

The idea was to use tax money to entice “people of color” to Dubuque by offering them not only jobs but also mortgage and rent subsidies, along with guaranteed job security at the expense of Dubuquers with greater seniority. And while private employers would not, theoretically, be *required* to recruit minorities, a

task force including city officials, among them the city manager, would "solicit" them to do so—with obvious coercive implications regarding such sensitive matters as contracts, zoning, and health and building codes.

Well, the response, to paraphrase Brecht, was enough to make a government lose confidence in the people. "Racism," said Mayor Brady, "is the main thing here," and he wasn't just talking about the cross-burners. In the face of civic restiveness, the city has now supposedly disavowed the idea of using tax money. But The Plan is not dead, and it still rankles.

After some rough times in the recent past, Dubuque has a lot going for it economically, with some new businesses coming in and the tourist industry expanding—the physical setting is beautiful. Still, unemployment averaged more than 6 per cent in 1991, and, while that number was skewed by temporary inventory shutdowns at the big John Deere plant, there are plenty of people looking for work. Supporters of The Plan say the jobs to be offered to outsiders can't be filled locally. Dubuquers are skeptical. For one thing, The Plan specifically calls for "recruitment of employees of color on the full spectrum of employment," including "entry-level positions." As for professionals, opponents point out that Dubuque has a number of good colleges—Lorac, Clarke, the University of Dubuque, and a nearby trade school—many of whose graduates would presumably like to settle in the area if they don't already live there. Adding to popular resentment is the unrelated Iowa Trust scandal, which could claim \$15 million or more out of Dubuque's municipal fund.

Enforced Diversity

ETHNICALLY, Dubuque is heavily German and Irish, and right now it has only 330 black residents, one of them hired last fall as principal of an elementary school (independently of The Plan, and without any visible public objection). The only City Council member who has flatly opposed The Plan itself—Don Deich—says few Dubuquers nowadays would object to more black people moving in, on the same terms as anybody else, as part of a natural social process. Or, for that matter, to a more formal initiative by private organizations if it was financed with private money. What he and a lot of other people in Dubuque do adamantly oppose is what they see as a coercive piece of social reorganization from the top, at the taxpayers' expense.

Councilman Deich thinks the cross-burning fringe includes maybe twenty people total, mostly liquored-up young men or juveniles. Some elements of Dubuque's flaming youth have taken up with David Duke's National Association for the Advancement of White People, or at least bought T-shirts emblazoned with its initials. And the city's new notoriety has attracted a Ku Klux Klan leader, one Thomas Robb of Zinc, Arkansas. But even Robb denounced the cross-burnings ("We're not anti-black, we're pro-white"), and Iowa's governor, Terry Branstad, finally arrived to denounce racism,

after taking some heavy flak for not doing more to reform the hearts and minds of his constituents.

"We Want to Change" is a remarkable document, well worth a read not only for its social vision but for its lyricism: "Diversity," it says, "calls us into a world that focuses on the many-splendored beauty of others." It notes the "courage and creativity" of "a minority community of various colors" that has managed to survive in Dubuque up to now, and through its "long suffering has kept the torch of diversity flickering in our midst." The means to bring that torch to full flame include a "resource network," sponsor families, welcoming groups, support groups, "frequent meetings and social gatherings"—one can't help wondering, finally, how the importees will find time for work.

The twenty-families-a-year quota for Dubuque is of course modest, but both supporters and critics see it as merely a first step. And despite a conspicuous lack of open hostility to blacks as individuals, it's probably true that one reason for opposition to The Plan is a fear of increased crime—fear of that "blatant, ridiculous stereotype," as ABC reporter Stone Phillips put it following his Dubuque piece on 20/20 last December.

The number of blacks in Iowa is still small, less than 2 per cent of the population. But the percentage is considerably larger in some cities, notably Des Moines (7 per cent) and Waterloo (12 per cent), and Iowa's "inner-city" (that is, black) neighborhoods tend to be beset by the same kind of social pathology evident across the country. Waterloo, ninety miles west of Dubuque, has long been troubled by racial frictions, pointed up last year when young blacks beat up whites who had wandered into black neighborhoods. And racially tinged fear of crime is by no means limited to whites. In December, the *Des Moines Register* gave four columns of op-ed space to a black minister named Bill McGill, who wrote that he was appalled by "the growing menace of black-on-black crime," of "African-American men and women who cut, shoot, stab, rape, rob, maim, mug, and murder other African-Americans."

McGill was able to say things like that in the public prints because he's a black man talking about the salvation of the inner city; otherwise, like just about everybody else, the *Register* tiptoes around the racial aspects of crime. Not that crime in Iowa is a black monopoly (any more than the victims of black criminals are always other blacks). But the numbers are disproportionate and dispiriting. In December, the Des Moines City Council called a "Crime Summit" after a businessman ran a paid ad in the *Register* saying his clothing store had been burglarized five times in 13 months and imploring the city to "do something about this craziness." Then, as the New Year rolled in, the focus shifted explosively to—the cops.

It was a "brutality" case involving Larry Milton, a 35-year-old black man with a long drunk-and-disorderly record, including domestic violence. The three white cops who collared him December 28—one of them a woman who runs police "sensitivity" seminars—say he was flailing around, yelling that somebody was trying

to kill him; they admit that one officer hit him in the head with a flashlight but say they had to use force to subdue him (lab tests showed both alcohol and cocaine in his blood). "No Excuse," the T-shirts said, as Des Moines' black community erupted, spurred on by a black-oriented radio station, KUCB, and its firebrand manager, Kalonji Saadiq (née Clive DePatten). Some callers to KUCB said it was time to kill a few cops and maybe their families. One of the few blacks calling for calm was suspended as KUCB's assistant manager.

The *Register* fed the flames with saturation coverage, including front-page publication and republication of a photo of Larry Milton after his encounter with the police (he didn't look good). But its reporting was generally even-handed (though the cops didn't think so), and one reason the story got such heavy play is that it's unusual for Des Moines—the police have a pretty clean record. In a city of 200,000, there were 47 complaints of excessive force last year, but only 2 were substantiated.

The *Register*, meanwhile, has joined the national media chorus denouncing the Bush Administration for "playing the race card." Hodding Carter put it best, perhaps, in a syndicated column headlined "GOP policies paved way for Duke," which was featured on the op-ed page. "The business of pandering to white fears and exploiting white grievances," Carter said, "is business as usual at the highest level of American governance today." In other words, racial preferences, out-of-control immigration, crime, and welfare illegitimacy are beyond the pale of respectable debate except in sweetly sanitized terms: it is not social realities and dubious policies that are sparking rebellions like the one in Dubuque, but right-wing politicians out for their own nefarious ends.

Even in the age of television, it would be difficult to overstate the *Register's* role in setting the political tone in Iowa. The *Register* is not just Iowa's best paper, but the only one that blankets the state—though not quite so thoroughly as it used to before the Gannett chain bought it from the Cowles publishing family in the mid Eighties. Circulation has gone down, though that seems to be largely a result of hard-headed economics—advertising revenue comes mainly from the Des Moines area, and so the *Register* has suspended home delivery in many parts of Iowa. But the circulation decline might also have something to do with the paper's increasingly lopsided view of the world. A lot of Iowans—and we're not just talking unreconstructed American Gothic here—are a little fed up.

The morning *Register*, along with its now-defunct evening sister, the *Tribune*, used to reflect a moderate-to-liberal perspective that helped edge Iowa away from its traditional conservatism. But in recent years it has been Leftward Ho! It's not so much a matter of party politics as a wide-ranging espousal of all the current orthodoxies: doctrinaire feminism, affirmative action, multiculturalism—pretty much the whole bag. The reporters who cover the political beat

are regarded as fair-minded (and are occasionally, it is rumored, disenchanted with some of the editorials), but the general tendentiousness is often evident not only on the editorial page but in the selection, placement, and emphasis of news stories and features. Meanwhile, the paper's star local columnist, one Donald Kaul, is an occasionally funny *agent provocateur* whose *Weltanschauung* can be deduced from his happiness when the Bushes' house at Kennebunkport was devastated by last fall's storm. It made him rethink his ideas about God, Kaul said: "Maybe there is one."

Standpat No Longer

IOWA SURPRISED a lot of people by going for Truman in 1948. "No longer," said the late Joseph Alsop, can we talk smugly about "isolationist, standpat Iowa." Some of the most ringing liberal voices in the U.S. Senate have come from Iowa—Democrats John Culver, Dick Clark, and of course now Tom Harkin. Culver and Clark were both ultimately unseated by Republicans, and Iowa's present governor, Terry Branstad, is a middle-of-the-road Republican. The state's House delegation is split 4 to 2 in favor of the GOP. But the Democrats control both houses of the state legislature, by comfortable margins, and they hold a healthy edge in voter registration. Reagan took Iowa in his landslide of 1984, but in 1988 Iowa went for Dukakis (who was endorsed by the *Register*).

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Nobody's paying much attention to the February 10 presidential caucuses this year because there's no real contest in either party: there's no challenge to Bush from either Pat Buchanan or David Duke (who has been thoroughly disowned by the Iowa GOP), and, on the Democratic side, native son Harkin is such a favorite that the only thing that could cause much of a ripple would be if he failed to deep-six the rest of the pack.

It is tempting to see the rise of a to-the-barricades liberal like Harkin as reflecting a leftward lurch in Iowa, but that probably exaggerates the state's metamorphosis. Before Harkin decided that the high ground on the left was the best place to set up camp for the presidential race, he was very good at muting his liberalism for the home folks. The barnyard language with which he has spiced his presidential campaign—"That's the way we talk in Iowa"—has not, by the way, been one of his trademarks in his home state. Where it is *not* the way people generally talk in public settings. (Speaking at a senior center in Des Moines, the *Register* reports, Harkin was berated by a lady named Nellie Schmaltz, who told him that she and a lot of her friends couldn't support him because of his dirty mouth.)

Missionary Agenda

THE missionary impulse has always been strong in Iowa, the legacy of its Protestant divines, and with the decline of sectarian passions, the moral urge seems to find its outlet in secular causes. Writing in *Nieman Reports* a year ago, Geneva Overholser, the *Register's* editor, enthusiastically bought into the idea that the daily press should take an ever-greater role in shaping the nation's political agenda. And there's not much doubt about what the *Register* thinks that agenda should be.

Race- and sex-based hiring? You bet. And you can't accuse *this* newspaper of not practicing what it preaches. In an interminable series on ladies of the workforce ("Top business posts elude Iowa women," etc., etc.), reporter Jill Van Wyke noted that there's no glass ceiling at the *Register*: of its own top eight executives, four, including Miss Overholser, are female. As for minorities, Miss Overholser announces that the *Register* has a staff with "a richer diversity than the population of the Des Moines metropolitan area." Though still not diverse enough for the folks on Locust Street.

Dubuque's minority-import quota? The *Register* likes it a lot, and its zeal to defang the critics has led it on occasion into skirmishes with the truth: one editorial in December said the plan "wasn't meant to use taxpayers' money," which is simply not so: Dubuque's "We Want to Change" manifesto explicitly calls for "financial assistance from the City's general fund." But whatever—the *Register* calls it "a plan to be applauded."

Iowans don't always applaud on cue, however, even in the New Age: the paper's Iowa poll found that 51 per cent think the Dubuque plan is a bad idea, with only 33 per cent in favor and the rest unsure. And not only that, a substantially larger majority—63 per cent—thought

Iowa has enough diversity already, thank you. "The lack of a cultural mosaic is one of Iowa's shortcomings," the *Register* notes sadly, and as for those who aren't in any rush to rearrange the social landscape, they have "a pretty myopic world view."

Diversity or Community?

THE FACT is, though, that Iowa *is* changing rapidly, demographically and sociologically. It's still more than 96 per cent white, but the black and Hispanic populations are increasing and the number of Asians doubled between 1980 and 1990. It is also by no means immune to national ills like family breakdown and the erosion of social control. The birth rate among unmarried teenagers has risen by more than 50 per cent since 1980, and a fifth of all Iowa families with children are now headed by single parents (for black families, the fraction is three-fifths). Iowa may still be an island of relative stability in a nation of increasing flux. But there has been a decline in something Iowa is famous for, a sense of community, in city neighborhoods, even in small towns. (The *Register's* remedy for that comes out of the family-of-humankind school—"Iowa communities must be all-embracing.")

There are sizable Italian and Jewish communities in Des Moines and some smaller cities, but the white population of Iowa, in its roots, tilts heavily toward Northwestern Europe. Le Mars was founded by younger sons of the English aristocracy; other WASPs descend from Yankee pioneer stock. The Irish, the Germans. Cedar Rapids is heavily Czech (and also has a thriving Arab community); some towns—Pella, Sioux Center, Orange City—are still very Dutch. And while the infestation is not so severe as in Minnesota, Iowa is abundantly supplied with Scandinavians, whose intramural solidarity occasionally leaves room for improvement.

*Ten thousand Swedes
Ran through the weeds,
Pursued by one Norwegian.*

How the skaldic taunt still stings. One of the favorite stories of my maternal (non-Scandinavian) grandfather recalled a mythic gathering at which each American state was awarded a defining symbol—Georgia got the peach, Kentucky got colonels, California wrapped itself in gold, and so forth. Minnesota and Missouri ended up as the last two states in the draw, and by that time there were only two choices left: mules or Swedes. Missouri got first pick.

Most Iowans, though, don't take their ancestral origins all that seriously any more. The melting pot isn't just a self-deluding myth. There seems to have been a common pattern in Iowa's past: the first generation, the immigrants, were mainly intent on becoming Americans. "Talk United States"—English—they used to say in families where the mother tongue was something else. By the second and third generations, all the old-country traditions and languages were dying. But then the children's children and grandchildren took another

look, and what developed was often a fond celebration of the old roots. By this time everybody *was* American, there was no question about it; it was completely safe now to honor the heritage of the old country. But it hardly amounted to cultural preservation—a new interest in ethnic dishes, maybe; a few artifacts; some half-revived and easily reforgotten customs and ceremonies. Nostalgia, not much more.

Did we lose something important along the road to absorption into a sea-changed Anglo-Saxon culture? Not really, or at least what we lost was far less valuable than what we gained: our new American identity. Can the same process bridge wider gulfs of race and color and non-Western culture? In significant ways, it already has. The influence of black Americans on American culture has obviously been profound, and as James Baldwin accurately noted, in his saner days, we're all bound up in this together, like it or not.

The Mystique of 'Diversity'

BUT THE mystique of "diversity" rolls on. The State University in Iowa City isn't quite Berkeley-on-the-Plains, but students have to have eight credits of "multicultural studies" now. And professorships are occasionally left vacant for months—and courses left unoffered—until an applicant of the right color comes along.

It's still risky to go against the current campus grain, if you don't want to be pilloried as "racist," "sexist," "homophobic," or, God forbid, "insensitive." But some students, professors, and staffers are becoming less reluctant to challenge prevailing attitudes. Iowans have always been afflicted with not only stubbornness but retrograde common sense.

And at the same time a taste for progress. Iowa cemeteries probably reverberate these days with the soft whirr of spinning coffins. Our stern forebears might approve of the anti-smoking campaign, which has some resemblance to puritan agitations of the past, but a lot of them wouldn't like the free sale of liquor (the strictly controlled state liquor stores are long gone). Or the gambling—not only a state lottery but floating casinos on the Mississippi and Las Vegas-style gaming franchises for the Indian tribes. And then of course there's the sexual revolution.

*A lady who lived in Dubuque
Risked a rather decided rebuque
By receiving a prude
In the absolute nude,
But he gasped, "If you only
could cooqe!"*

Laughably tame stuff now, naked lady in Dubuque parlor. Actually, in spite of the state's reputation as a citadel of square wholesomeness, prudery in Iowa has always been constrained by the realities of life on the farm, where the hogs and cattle reproduce sexually, expressing their love in front of Mary and the kids if they happen to wander down by the barn. In any case, stick-in-the-mud ideas about public decorum are, if not entirely banished, under heavy assault. There *was* a bit of a fuss when it transpired that classes at the State University in Iowa City had been shown the "critically acclaimed" German film *Taxi zum Klo* (*Taxi to the Toilet*), a homoerotic adventure that includes a scene in which one man urinates on another. Governor Branstad and the Board of Regents suggested publicly that the university might have erred on the side of open-mindedness. But the First Amendment and academic freedom carried the day, and the film was shown again, this time at a sold-out screening in the student-union building—though without one scene in which a boy grabs a man's crotch. That, according to the County Attorney, violated an Iowa law forbidding the sexual exploitation of minors.

Ah tempora. Ah mores. Ah the Iowa Fight Song, ever apropos . . . *On, Iowa, proudly at the fore . . .*

On, Iowa, on forevermore!

*Every loyal son will raise a rousing toast to you—
Every loyal daughter loves you too.*

Rah! Rah! RAH!

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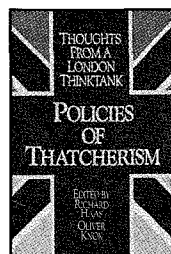
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The national Republican leadership prides itself on putting winning above 'ideology'—i.e., principle. As a result it supports candidates who are neither Republicans, nor winners.

MICHAEL FREDENBURG

THIS WAS supposed to have been the Year of the Republican. Capitalizing on the dramatic boost in party registration under Ronald Reagan, and on the retirement of scores of congressmen because of reapportionment, the Grand Old Party was poised for spectacular gains in both the House and the Senate. Indeed, at the gathering of House Republicans in Princeton two years ago, Minority Leader Bob Michel was introduced to thunderous applause as "the next Speaker of the House."

Today these expectations have run aground, and not because of a revived Democratic opposition. Rather, the threat to a Republican renaissance comes from within the party itself. In the name of pragmatism, the national party leadership is running up a curious record of defeats.

Most of those who respond to the appeals of the Republican National Committee, the National Republican Senatorial Committee, and the National Republican Congressional Committee would probably be shocked to learn that these committees have no obligation to channel their support to candidates who support the Republican platform. Indeed, the GOP national committees have regularly intervened in contested primaries, promoting can-

didates who reject major planks of the platform over those who wholeheartedly embrace them. Put bluntly, the national party has helped to lose races that ought to have been won, and to elect "Republicans" whose views more closely resemble those of Walter Mondale or Jerry Brown than those of Ronald Reagan.

Anti-Issues Politics

WHAT especially rankles is that the money used to defeat social and fiscal conservatives has typically been raised in the name of Reagan-style conservatism. Virtually every fund-raising letter the GOP sends out talks about defeating the big-spending, liberal, anti-family Democrats.

"They don't understand issues politics," says a former senior RNC official. "They are hired to get people with an 'R' after their names elected regardless of the candidate's values or ideology. They really feel threatened by the influx of social conservatives into the party."

Much of this is owing to the myth that issues politics is losing politics. Nowhere is this more a factor than on the issue of abortion. In the wake of the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision, Kate Michelman, spokesman for the National Abortion Rights Action League, vowed that NARAL was "going to change the face of the politi-

cal landscape." She predicted an America strewn with the political corpses of those who got in the way of the pro-choice juggernaut. The prediction struck fear into the hearts of the national Republican leadership.

No such juggernaut ever materialized. The media gave much play, for example, to threats by pro-choice Republican Ann Stone to raise scads of money for her cause. Her efforts have fallen way short. And the June 1991 edition of *Campaign*, the non-partisan magazine for election professionals, noted that the nine best races run in 1990 were run by social conservatives. "A careful analysis of the 1990 returns reveals a contradiction of conventional wisdom regarding the electoral impact of the *Webster* decision," the article concluded. "Unless the abortion issue is on the front burner of a major political race, the pro-life candidate appears to hold a distinct advantage in most constituencies."

This conclusion is supported by a plethora of anecdotal evidence showing socially conservative candidates winning elections while being outspent by opponents 2, 3, sometimes 4 to 1. In the 1990 race for California's 7th Assembly District, for example, David Knowles beat incumbent Democrat Norm Waters, although Knowles received little help from the Republican establishment and was outspent 4 to 1. Knowles relied on an extensive grassroots campaign; he was able to

Mr. Fredenburg is a member of the California Republican-platform drafting committee.

find eager volunteers because of his strong social conservatism.

In the 1990 general election, anti-tax, pro-life Massachusetts Republican Robert Hedlund beat thirty-year career politician Robert Ambler to take a State Senate seat although he was outspent nearly 5 to 1. The victory was even more remarkable in that Ambler, a pro-choicer, was also anti-tax and had the advantage of 26 years in the Assembly. It was Hedlund's first foray into the political arena.

The same pattern was played out in Pennsylvania's 18th Congressional District, where conservative Republican Rick Santorum unseated 14-year incumbent Doug Walgren, and in Michigan, where conservative Republican John Engler beat incumbent Democratic Governor James Blanchard by a nose (0.7 per cent of the vote). In both cases, victory depended on a substantial grassroots campaign, with many of the volunteers coming from the pro-life camp.

The Enemy Within

WHAT MAKES these victories more remarkable is that social conservatives often have to overcome not just the Democratic machine but the Republican machine as well. If the fund-raising ability of the party establishment were linked with the grassroots movements, the party would stand a real chance of becoming a majority and seeing its platform implemented. But, increasingly, conservative Republicans are seeing the national committees step in to override the clear wishes of the local leaders.

It was this that helped give us David Duke in Louisiana. Over strong protests from local Republicans, the RNC persuaded Democratic Governor Buddy Roemer to re-register and run as a Republican. Billy Nungesser Sr., chairman of the Louisiana Republican Party, complains that "the RNC did not consult with the state party and in fact tried to persuade the state party not to hold its annual endorsing convention." Angry Louisiana Republicans went ahead and endorsed Representative Clyde Holloway, a Reaganite with an excellent reputation for pulling in Democratic votes. Because of Roemer's weaknesses (among other things, running for the GOP nomination, he could barely bring himself to

mention either the word "Republican" or the name of George Bush), David Duke edged him out in the primary, leaving the RNC in the embarrassing position of having to endorse Democrat Edwin Edwards.

California Republicans have similar complaints. At Governor Pete Wilson's behest, both the RNC and the NRSC have been spending big money to thwart the candidacies of popular conservative Republicans.

There are two senatorial elections in California this year: the normally scheduled one, to replace retiring Senator Alan Cranston, and one to ratify or reject John Seymour, the man Pete Wilson appointed as his own midterm successor. The popular conservative Representative Bill Dannemeyer is challenging Seymour; however, the NRSC listed Dannemeyer as a candidate for the Cranston seat (for which solid conservative Bruce Herschensohn is an announced candidate) in its *For the Record* bulletin mailed to several thousand Inner Circle donors.

NRSC spokesman Wendy Burnley says this was an honest mistake made by a low-level staffer. Conservative leaders in California doubt it. It was well known that Dannemeyer was entering the race for the express purpose of defeating Seymour, who has often voted against conservatives on taxes, has opposed Proposition 13, and is on record for both gay and abortion rights. Dannemeyer had expressly informed Senator Phil Gramm, head of the NRSC, of his intention, which was reported in several major newspapers.

In the 1990 gubernatorial primary in Illinois, Steve Baer, an across-the-board Reagan conservative, found himself facing an uphill battle for his party's nomination: both President Bush and then-RNC chief Lee Atwater had endorsed opponent Jim Edgar. Edgar was another pro-choice Republican who ran on a platform of raising income taxes. There was even an RNC plot (headed off when Baer supporters got wind of it) to persuade Reagan to endorse Edgar on the false basis that he was running unopposed. Edgar eventually won the general election, but he was arguably no more conservative than his Democratic opponent.

In Kentucky, the RNC and NRSC entered a contested congressional primary on the side of pro-choice moderate Al Brown. Facing Brown was the conservative Tim Hardy. Despite out-

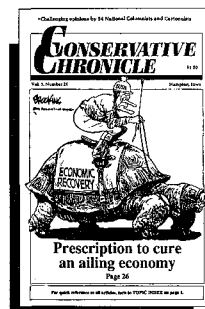
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spending Hardy 10 to 1, Brown, the RNC, and the NRCC beat him by only four hundred votes—less than 1 per cent of the total votes cast. Brown went on to lose the general election by 20 points to Ron Mazzoli, the incumbent, pro-life Democrat.

The Kentucky race is an excellent example of the potency of a grassroots campaign. Virtually everyone on Brown's staff was a hired gun, whereas Hardy kept his overhead low with a full-time staff of volunteers. The consensus is that if Hardy had raised money for one more piece of direct mail he would have won the primary. Moreover, he would have had the credentials to go up against the pro-life Mazzoli in the general election.

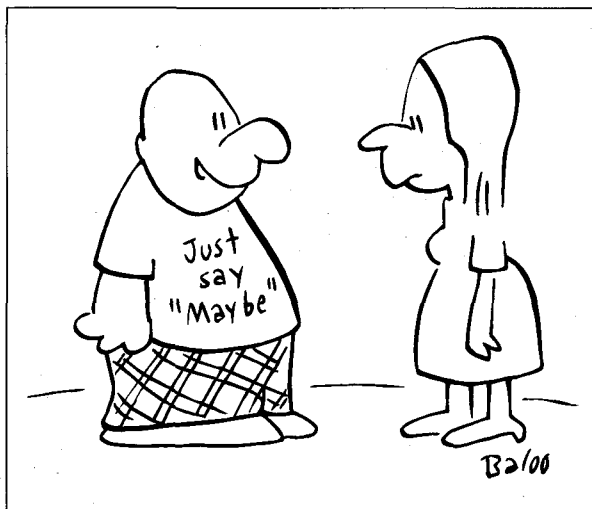
One race that did receive attention in November was conservative Republican Kirk Fordice's upset victory for governor in Mississippi—the first Republican to hold that position since Reconstruction. A successful businessman and a true conservative, Fordice received lukewarm support from the RNC, which, true to form, had backed pro-choice, moderate Republican Pete Johnston in the primary. The campaign was a classic grassroots effort showing how Republicans could capitalize on issues such as workfare, civil rights, school choice, etc.

Perhaps the most blatant example of the national party meddling to the detriment of a conservative candidate occurred in the July 1991 special election in California's 5th Assembly District. The primary (which in effect was the election, since no Democrat had filed for the race in the heavily Republican district) pitted conservative Republican activist Barbara Alby against B. T. Collins. Collins, a former chief of staff for Governor Jerry Brown and a "self-avowed atheist," came over to the GOP just a few years ago. He is on record as having donated money to some of the state's most liberal Democrats, including the ultra-left Speaker of the Assembly, Willie Brown.

Collins was in the race because Governor Wilson persuaded him to run to stop Barbara Alby, one of California's premier conservative Republican volunteer leaders. Then, again at Wilson's bidding, the RNC entered the race full force. During the primary the RNC paid for at least seven direct-

mail pieces, spending a minimum of \$76,000 to defeat Mrs. Alby.

Even so, Collins won by only four thousand votes in the primary and actually received seven hundred votes less than Mrs. Alby on election day. The margin of victory was provided by a massive absentee-ballot program coordinated by the RNC, using lists tar-



"I'm a moderate."

geting liberal Democrats provided by Tom Hayden, the left-wing activist and former husband of Jane Fonda.

Though Barbara Alby did not win, she once again demonstrated just how effective a conservative grassroots campaign can be. At the start of the campaign her name recognition was 17 per cent, versus 80 per cent for Collins. Initial polling gave Collins a 45 to 20 per cent lead. Had Mrs. Alby had the money to mount an absentee-ballot program early on, she might have pulled it off—and for a small fraction of what Wilson and the RNC had to spend to defeat her.

The RNC seemed bent on forming a de-facto alliance between the Democratic and Republican establishments. Just as it had done in Louisiana, the RNC went over the heads of California Republican Party officials. "I feel the RNC should have stayed out of it," said state chairman Jim Dignan. "We have a mechanism for endorsement at the county and state board level that should have been respected."

Social Disdain

WITH THESE case histories you might think the RNC would be re-examining its strategy. On the contrary, social conservatives are less welcome than ever in the national party structures. Roy

Jones, a former consultant to the NRSC and the former political director of the Moral Majority, attributes this pattern not to any organized conspiracy but to a set of attitudes among those who hold the reins, most of whom he describes as country-club Republicans. "The people at the national level are technicians. They are there to win races. They have pride in not taking positions on ideological issues." Most of these old-guard Republicans, he says, are unwilling to share power with the large influx of social conservatives.

Judy Cresanta, a national committeeman from Nevada, was one of the many social conservatives who came on board in 1988. "The RNC regional director, Steve Kinney, would not work with conservatives in the Western states," she says. "In the three and a half years I was on the National Committee, Steve Kinney telephoned me one time." Another committeeman, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, says that "there has been a concerted effort to stack key committees with liberals and moderates and to ignore or undercut participation by social conservatives." Arizonian Jack London, a committeeman of 11 years, supports the charge. "It's a Reagan committee, but the plums are being handed out to the Bush people." By plums London means appointments to such crucial committees as the resolutions committee.

Mark Nuttle, former executive director of the NRCC, sees a vicious circle. Because social conservatives are grossly underrepresented within the group of political professionals who run the day-to-day operation of the GOP, they are not in a position to bring other conservatives into the leadership. "At the national party level," says Nuttle, "conservatives no longer have a spokesman."

Gary Bauer, senior domestic-policy advisor under Reagan, cites a spectacular gaffe by the political professionals—a series of replies sent out by the RNC to letters thanking RNC chief Clayton Yeutter for his public show of support for the pro-life party plank on the Evans & Novak TV show. According to Bauer, the RNC thank-you letters emphasized the "big tent" and made no acknowledgment of Yeutter's

support for the pro-life plank. "If the Republican Party leaders continue to undercut and alienate pro-family social conservatives," says Bauer, "we may lose them and the grassroots politics they have brought back to the Republican Party."

No Excuse

ALL THREE national Republican committees maintain that they merely support the candidates brought forward by the local parties, and for the most part this is true. But in the cases where there has been notable intervention, the pattern has been against the heirs of Ronald Reagan and in favor of those who oppose, sometimes loudly, major elements of the Republican platform. The committees would at least have some excuse if they could show a clear pattern of victory. But all too often their "pragmatism" means freezing out an

electable conservative in favor of a liberal or moderate Republican who then gets creamed at the polls. Increasingly the big tent is translating into a smaller and smaller party.

All the relative advantages Republicans enjoyed under Reagan are still there, largely because the Democrats are in even greater disarray. But even if George Bush wins again this November, the GOP will continue to take a beating at every other level so long as the national leadership remains hostile to the grassroots issues. At the very least, the dismal electoral record of the last four years ought to provoke a re-evaluation of what Republicans mean by success. Are they there primarily to promote the philosophy of limited government and traditional values, as their fund-raising literature suggests, or are they playing a game of Rs and Ds with no regard to the philosophy they are helping to bring to power? □

Justices. Persons who favor human rights will castigate such judges, of course, and urge state judges to take up the crucial task of continually expanding rights on the basis of imaginative readings of state constitutions (see, e.g., Brennan in *Harv. L. Rev.*). What we really need, it seems, is a list of all possible rights, so that an enlightened legislature can enact them or, better still, constitutionalize them all at once. If only the Framers had had the foresight to do this, think of all the trouble Justices Douglas and Brennan would have been saved!

Lo! We're Better Off!

IN THE EVERYDAY world, benefits come only at a cost, but in the wonderful world of constitutional law, a few Justices sit and create new rights, and, lo, we are all better off. A little thought—which is a lot to ask in this area—will raise a suspicion that someone is kidding someone. Are rights really costless benefits, the more the better? "Such words as 'right,'" Justice Holmes warned us, "are constant solicitations to fallacy." To add the adjective "fundamental" or "constitutional" only makes the solicitation all the more insistent.

A legal right is simply a legally protected interest; it is a jurisprudential concept, a creature of law and government. I say nothing of moral rights, as that is not my field, except to note that if we are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, I think the Creator should put more effort into enforcement. Human interests—our needs and wants—are, if not infinite, at least very great, while the resources necessary to satisfy them are limited. Competition is therefore unavoidable, and the function of rights, as of all law, is to keep it within bounds.

A problem of social choice is a problem only because interests recognized as legitimate come into conflict. We can presumably agree, for example, that freedom of expression is a good thing, as indeed is all freedom, and freedom of expression is served by permitting leaflets, parades, and demonstrations on public streets. We also agree, however, that uncluttered and unobstructed streets, usable for driving and walking, are also a good thing. Unfortunately, we can't have more of one of these good things without having less of the other; some of each

Interpreting the Constitution

OF RIGHTS AND CHOICES

If rights are a good thing, constitutional rights must be even better. But for whom?

LINO A. GRAGLIA

SHOULD courts interpret the Bill of Rights narrowly (that is, more or less to mean what they say) or broadly (that is, imaginatively)? A major obstacle to our achieving or returning to a workable society is that this is not considered a serious question by most law professors, media people, and other members of the articulate class. Rights are good things, constitutional rights still better things, and fundamental constitutional rights best of all. Therefore good judges—persons devoted to bringing

about the "basic social change" we so badly need—will interpret these Amendments expansively. Indeed, the very best judges, say Douglas or Brennan, will interpret them explosively, treating them as radioactive or phosphorescent, giving off emanations that form a penumbra (see *Griswold*). They will then interpret not only the actual Bill of Rights but also what they discern in the penumbra, which, as you can imagine, is no easy task.

There are, however, also people less devoted to social advance, mean-spirited persons who would look upon our rights as crabbed and limited things. Some of these people, unfortunately, get to be judges, even Supreme Court

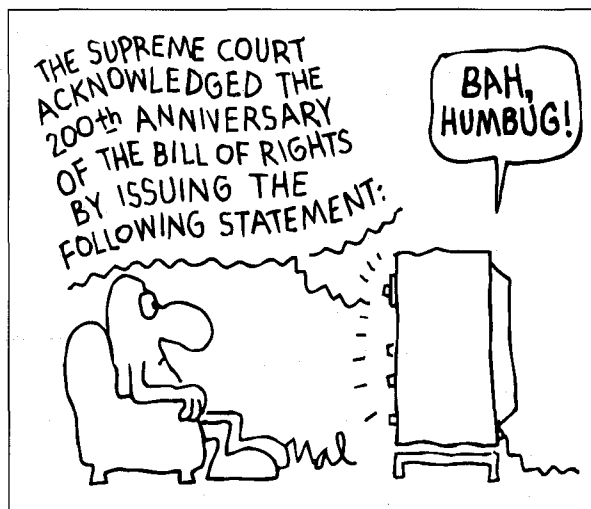
Mr. Graglia is A. Dalton Cross Professor of Law at the University of Texas School of Law.

must be sacrificed, and the crucial question is how the choice is to be made, and by whom. The choice cannot be made by logic or on the basis of a factual determination, although some factual determinations may be helpful; it can only be made on the basis of a political judgment. The meaning of self-government, one of the two basic principles of our Constitution, is that the choice is to be made according to the collective wisdom—or at least the collective judgment—of the people. The meaning of federalism, the other basic constitutional principle, is that most choices should be made at the state rather than the national level. To permit the choice to be made for the nation as a whole by a majority vote of the nine Justices of the United States Supreme Court, unelected and not removable by elections, in the form of the announcement of constitutional rights, is to violate both of these principles. It is to deprive us of what are truly our most fundamental constitutional rights.

A constitutional right is a constitutionally protected interest, an interest immune from change through the ordinary political process. A constitutional right in a democracy is, therefore, a restriction on the power of self-government. The difficult and little-discussed question is: Why should a people that enjoys the power of self-government ever deprive itself of or limit that power? Should not the living govern the living, without either seeking to govern the unborn or agreeing to be governed by the dead? Only today's people, after all, have the advantage of both the experience of the past and the best information on today's problems.

In general, two answers are offered to this question. The first, a strong favorite of anti-democrats, is that the people cannot always be trusted to govern themselves, because they are given to fits of unreasoning passion during which they are attracted to measures that they would, during calmer moments, recognize to be ill advised. But who, then, is to be trusted to govern them? There is no alternative to the government of people by people, and the only alternative to majority rule is minority rule. In practice the alternative to majority rule is

rule by a self-selected elite claiming the mandate of heaven or the justification of some ideology beyond the ken of the ordinary person. If these notions are rejected, if all people count equally and the people are seen as the sole legitimate source of political power,



then limits on the people's freedom of choice can come only from themselves. The theory requires, therefore, that the people be seen as flighty but still foresightful enough to recognize this weakness in themselves and undertake to protect themselves against it—just as a compulsive overeater might put a lock and chain on the refrigerator or an alcoholic might make the bottles difficult to reach.

Ulysses and the Constitution

THIS MAY be called the "Ulysses and the Sirens" theory of constitutional limitation. Ulysses, you will recall, recognizing his fatal weakness for the Sirens' song, ordered his men to tie him to the mast in order to disable him from succumbing to their allure. Could this work? When Ulysses heard the Sirens, would he not order his men to untie him and would not his later order countermand his earlier? That is, how is it possible for the ultimate source of authority to limit itself, given that it can, by definition, abandon any self-imposed limitation at any time? How can today's majority limit tomorrow's if tomorrow's chooses not to be limited? If the people are the ultimate authority, if all people count equally, and if only living people count, then a majority of today's people can change the rules at any time.

This is not merely theoretical; it is exactly how we obtained our present

Constitution. The Articles of Confederation provided that changes could be made only by the unanimous vote of the states. Each state, then, had a "constitutional" right to have the Articles continue in effect until it agreed to abandon them. The Framers of our

Constitution, however, simply ignored that limitation and proposed a new form of government to come into existence when approved of by only nine of the 13 states. (Ulysses handled this problem by having his men put wax in their ears, which kept them from hearing either the Sirens or any attempt by him to countermand his earlier order.)

Since limitations on the people can come only from the people, the Ulysses theory assumes that the people can and will distinguish moments of

passion from moments of calm and impose limitations on their freedom of choice only during the latter. It would seem, however, that attempts to change the basic charter of government would typically take place during times of turmoil. The way such limitations actually work in practice is not that the people when excited are limited by the views of the people when calm, but that the people are at all times directed by the views of their betters, the proponents of constitutional rights.

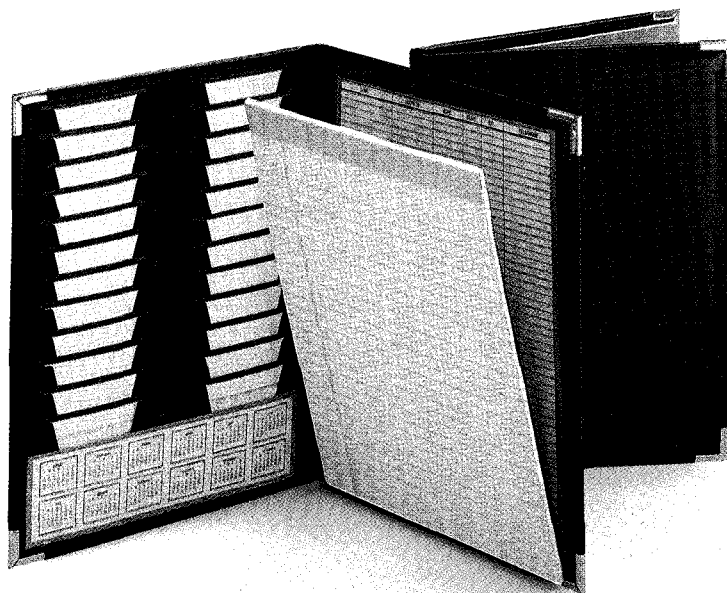
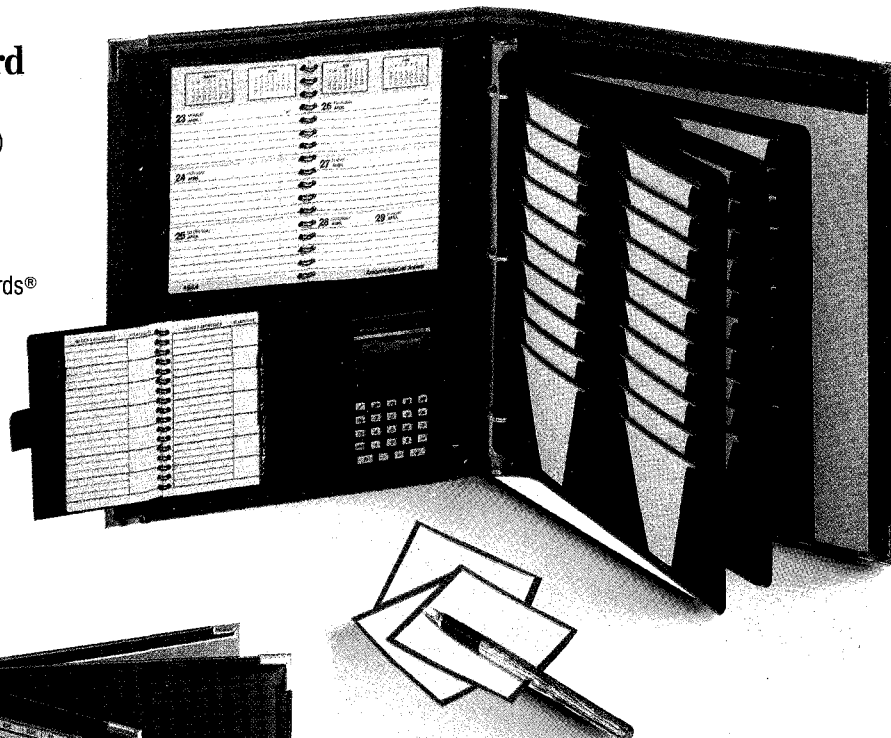
It would be difficult to show, of course, that the articulate class, those people whose only tools and only product are words, are less subject to moments of passion and irrational fadish notions than are other people. On the contrary, as George Orwell pointed out, "There are some ideas so preposterous that only an intellectual could believe them." Only intellectuals could believe, for example, that a nation that shoots its people to keep them from escaping is morally superior to a nation whose problem is to keep out people who desperately want to enter. Only intellectuals could insist that colleges must admit students and hire faculty on the basis of race and then purport to be dumbfounded at campus racial resentments.

In any event, the Ulysses theory cannot be used to justify any of the Supreme Court's controversial decisions of recent decades. Public opposition to the Court's rulings on busing, abor-

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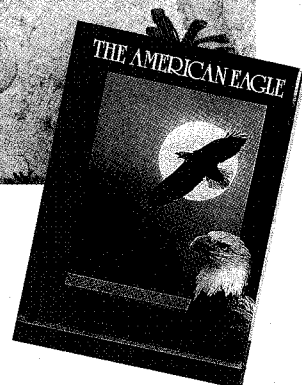
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tion, prayer in the public schools, and criminal procedure, for example, is not due to some passing foolish notion that more time will cause the public to think better of. These are the settled, firmly held, and, I might add, generally sound views of a majority of Americans. By frustrating effectuation of these views in the guise of discovering and enforcing rights, the Court is not protecting the people in their calmer moments from the people in passion; on the contrary, it is in every instance substituting the heated passions of doctrinaire ideologues for the cool reason of the people.

The other, and more substantial, justification for limits on self-government is that they may correct or counteract defects in the political process—that is, features of the unrestricted process that may actually frustrate majority will. For example, Milton Friedman argues for adoption of the Balanced Budget Amendment, limiting Congress's ability to spend, on the ground that the unrestricted political process will invariably result in a higher level of government spending than a majority of the people favor. Members of a special interest, such as sugar growers, will individually benefit from a government subsidy—each gaining tens of thousands of dollars a year—while members of the general population will individually be disadvantaged only a little—perhaps losing \$50 per family per year—with the result that the organized pressure for the subsidy will typically exceed the unorganized opposition to it. A constitutional limitation on the number of congressional terms might be justified on similar grounds: most people may favor less spending by the Federal Government and yet feel compelled to re-elect congressmen skilled at seeing that their district gets at least a fair share of the expenditures.

Who Likes the Bill of Rights?

IF constitutional rights in a democracy are limitations on powers of self-government, it is clear that their expansion is not necessarily an advance. Our Bill of Rights is much revered, but if we didn't have it, few people—even civil-rights junkies—would favor adopting it in its present form. The ACLU, for example, has no difficulty restraining its enthusiasm for the Second Amendment, which

grants a right to bear arms. The Third Amendment, having to do with the quartering of troops in wartime, is of no apparent relevance to today's problems except that it occasionally emits an emanation or two having to do with contraception. The Seventh Amendment, requiring jury trials in federal civil cases involving more than \$20, is hard to see today as other than an inconvenience and embarrassment. The Fifth Amendment's privilege against self-incrimination amounts today to little more than an impediment to justice, a means of escape from punishment for the guilty. This, of course, has not prevented the Court from expanding the privilege extravagantly.

In my view, the Court should interpret the Bill of Rights, as it should in-

terpret all provisions of law, neither narrowly nor broadly, but simply in the utmost good faith, to mean, as best can be determined, what its various provisions were intended to mean, neither more nor less. If the Court retains the power of judicial review—despite my frequent urgings to the contrary—it should enforce the privilege against self-incrimination, for example, simply because it is there, even though it is a bad idea. But when the Court uses this constitutional prohibition of compelled confessions as a springboard to decisions that come close to holding that the defendant will not be permitted to confess even if he wants to, it should not be celebrated for making still another contribution to our fundamental constitutional rights. □

Conservative Questions

PAT BUCHANAN AND THE INTELLECTUALS

It's normally easy to tell where Buchanan stands. Some of his supporters are making it harder.

WILLIAM MCGURN

"While we prospered behind a tariff wall, outstripping Britain as the world's foremost industrial power, Britain practiced free trade. We protected our markets and invaded theirs, as today Japan protects her market and invades ours."

—From a Pat Buchanan syndicated column, May 18, 1991

"In 1988, you recall, Mr. Bush said, 'We're going to create thirty million new jobs.' What he didn't say was that they were in Guangdong Province, Yokohama, and Mexico."

—Campaigning in New Hampshire, January 7, 1992

"You and I may be friends, but we're not going to tolerate dumping of com-

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington Bureau Chief.

puter chips, which take out a couple of American industries, and then sudden shortages. . . . This is the kind of stuff that is not going to go on. We're going to play hardball with you."

—To a Japanese journalist, in The American Spectator, February 1992

NOT LEAST among Patrick J. Buchanan's attractive attributes is a clarity of purpose all too rare in politics. Even his critics concede him that. "He does not fudge. He does not trim," wrote Mark Shields in a recent *Washington Post* column otherwise chiding Buchanan for endorsing immigration policies that would have kept great-grandmother Anna Kerrigan back in County Cork. And the above samples of Buchanan's opinions on trade would seem to leave little ambiguity about his protectionist sympathies.



Or so I thought. But when I phoned some of the economists around him, men with impeccable free-trade credentials, I discovered a marked reluctance to invoke the P word. Of the four economists Buchanan listed in a December 30 *Wall Street Journal* profile as his favorites—Richard Rahn, Alan Greenspan, Ron Paul, and Paul Craig Roberts—both Roberts and Paul objected to my characterization. Greenspan could not be reached. Only Rahn, former chief economist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, accepted it, adding he was worried that this would reduce Buchanan's credibility against President Bush.

Further illumination was provided during a weekend at the Dulles Airport Ramada Renaissance Hotel, where the John Randolph Club was holding its second annual meeting. While Buchanan did not attend, he is the best-known member of the club, a sort of Patriot-missile marriage of old-line libertarians and paleoconservatives who embraced in shared opposition to the Gulf War. Over the course of the weekend what one member dubbed "the Buchanan Brains Trust" explored everything from crime and culture to property and small-r republicanism. But the real thesis, nailed to the conservative door in the Saturday dinner speech by the club's new president, Murray Rothbard, was that somewhere after the 1940s American conservatism had gone wrong, horribly wrong, and that the John Randolph Club was here to take it back.

He was pretty clear about who was to blame, too.

"What happened to the original Right, and the cause of the present mess, was the advent and domination of the right wing by Bill Buckley and the *NATIONAL REVIEW*," said Rothbard, a libertarian and professor at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. Henceforth, he continued, the Right would be defined only by Buchanan. "The original Right, and all its heresies, is back," he gleefully reported.

An Earlier Split

IF ROTHBARD'S assessment of the intellectual support of Pat Buchanan is accurate—and I think it mostly is—this is something much larger than a difference over free trade. The wrong turn meant here is not traceable to the 1991 intervention in the Gulf but to Bill Buckley's purge in the mid Sixties of sundry "non-respectables" (Birchers, Randians, anti-Zionists, etc.) and the subsequent Draft Goldwater campaign. The inescapable implication is that Ronald Reagan too was not really a legitimate representative of the Right. Again, Rothbard is admirably direct. "I never call myself a Reaganite," he says. "In the Seventies we had a whole anti-government movement from people fed up with regulation to the anti-war movement. The worst thing Reagan did was to get everyone to like government again."

Whatever the reason, Reagan was

scarcely mentioned. Named for the Virginia congressman who championed states' rights, opposed the War of 1812, and fought tariffs, the John Randolph Club might, in a different context, have had an energizing effect on the Republican Party—getting both the Randolphites and the Reaganites to recognize their complementary interests in reducing government. Many things the club espouses receive hearty endorsement from all conservatives, hyphenated or not: school choice, lower taxes, no to quotas, opposition to Bushism. Instead, the club has emphasized issues that are divisive, e.g., isolationism (okay, call it America Firstism), immigration, and a French-style commitment to Americanist culture. Many members—and not just the libertarians—reject the word "conservative."

Although Rothbard's address received a standing ovation—the seventy or so attendees especially liked his dismissal of Buckley as "the Mikhail Gorbachev of the conservative movement"—amusement does not necessarily imply total endorsement. Participants took pains to stress that the club adhered to neither party nor ideology. Tom Fleming, editor of *Chronicles*, summed it up best in his December issue, writing about the original America First. "It was opposition to the war and affection for their country that bound members together."

Members joked nostalgically about the Articles of Confederation, and, not surprisingly, reacted to the New World Order like a vampire to garlic. Certainly the phrasing is unfortunate: conservatives are properly suspicious of anything "new," wary of "world" as an adjective, and distrustful any time the word "order" is unjoined to the word "law." Eyes rolled heavenward during the luncheon address, when Thomas Molnar took protectionism further than anyone else by proposing the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church as the official religion of the United States. Otherwise, libertarians listened politely when paleoconservatives plumped for state measures to protect and enforce a distinctive American culture; and paleocons didn't bring up abortion or drugs when libertarians had the pulpit.

The most lively debate had to do with whether one could call Pat Buchanan protectionist, which Jim Bovard, author of *The Fair Trade Fraud*, did in

a session on property. Buchanan prefers the term "trade hawk," and while he says his retaliation is aimed at opening Japanese markets rather than closing American ones, the difference between a Buchanan "trade hawk" and a Gephardt "protectionist" is one of degree, not kind. "I'm mortified by Pat Buchanan's statements on protectionism," Bovard told the audience. "He's saying good things on taxes and the budget, but then he poisons the mix with some of the things he says on trade. Based on that, I'd have to say Buchanan is worse than Bush on trade."

This in turn provoked statements of the view I had encountered before: that not only is Buchanan *not* a protectionist, he is better than Bush on free trade, once you add Buchanan's opposition to foreign aid and multilateral institutions like the World Bank. This went back and forth a few times between Bovard and both Rothbard and Llewellyn Rockwell, until the Ludwig von Mises Institute's Jeff Tucker summed up what was undoubtedly the real reasoning: "I'd sooner have a few high tariffs under Buchanan than any of the agreements of George Bush." Afterward, Rockwell was more specific. "You can't compare Buchanan to von Mises and Hayek," he told me. "You have to compare him to George Bush."

Now, there's a case to be made that Buchanan amounts to a better package, even a better economic package, than George Bush. But I don't buy it, not with the way he is publicly distancing himself from his "free-trade friends"; tariffs, after all, paved the way for the New Deal, and socialism is impossible without them. And it does a disservice to Pat Buchanan to say, as some of these folks do, that he really doesn't mean what he says but is only pandering to popular sentiment. Pat Buchanan's economic nationalism comes straight from the heart.

Without the fact of the Buchanan campaign, the weekend might have been nothing more than a tidy academic dispute; adding to the rabbinical flavor of the debate was the stress on university credentials, the upshot of which was that everyone save me seemed to be addressed as "Doctor." But for the backsliding of George Bush and the disagreement over the Gulf War, the club would never have come together. But for Pat Buchanan it

wouldn't much matter. Sidney Blumenthal was doubtless teasing in *The New Republic* when he noted that "*Chronicles*, which was on the periphery of conservatism under Reagan, has become suddenly engaged at the center as the Bush-Buchanan race looms." But the generally ebullient tone showed that the Randolphites took him at his word.

For all their emphasis on the culture, those present recognized that movements require a candidate. And what is true of Pat Buchanan—that he has had the guts to take on an unconvincing President on the basis of principles—is not true of the rest of the Right. The absence of a candidate with a continued Reaganite commitment to free trade and American leadership leaves Buchanan as the only horse in the race. Lord knows Bill Bennett, Jack Kemp, and Dick Cheney are torn between their principles and personal loyalty to a decent man who gave them important portfolios. But Pat Buchanan cannot be blamed for their failure to take up the torch.

Wild Card

THERE IS, however, one wild card left: Pat Buchanan himself. John Randolph Club members may pine for the anti-New Deal

Old Right of the Thirties and Forties, but Buchanan will probably stop short of following the club's principles to their logical conclusions. After all, he is campaigning as Reagan's heir against a President who diluted that legacy, and there is about him a same Reaganesque willingness to let groups believe he is more with them than he really is. For all his opposition to the Gulf War, for example, he never did join the Committee to Avert a Mideast Holocaust. For all the John Randolph Club's railing about civil rights, Buchanan says he supported the original (1964) act. For all his America Firstism he favors intervention on behalf of Croatia. Asked about the club meeting and Rothbard's address, sister Bay Buchanan, chairman of her brother's campaign, says that Pat hasn't read the speech, but she emphasizes that while Murray Rothbard and others are dear friends, "they speak for themselves."

In Washington for a speech to the U.S. Conference of Mayors, Buchanan started off by saying his pedigree is "Goldwater, Nixon, Reagan" and likening his campaign to a "theological debate in a church to which not many of you belong." But some of us do belong. And we worry that many a voice that starts off promising reformation finds itself swept along into schism. □

North of the Border

THE WRONG HEALTH-CARE MODEL

Is Canada's health-care system really cheaper?
And would Americans put up with it?

JACQUES KRASNY

NO MATTER how we view it, the U.S. health-care system is in crisis. At more than \$6 billion annually, the cost of providing health care continues to outrun the growth of the economy, and yet 31 million citizens lack adequate insurance, and many middle-income insurees fear

that their savings could be wiped out by a catastrophic illness. In the glare of these facts, it is not surprising that the Canadian health-care system is

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being touted as an alternative. It provides universally available health care at lower cost—11.1 per cent of Gross National Product (U.S.) compared to 9 per cent (Canada) in 1987. The Canadian system, however, is less attractive than it appears at first.

Is It Cheaper?

TO BEGIN with, is it really cheaper? Take, first, the cost of capital. In the U.S. health-care system, as in any other business, the cost of working capital is included as an expense. Hospitals, provider networks, rehabilitation facilities, insurance plans—all must raise money either through the equity markets or through debt financing instruments—and investors expect returns. But Canada's 1,400 hospitals were built, for the most part, through a combination of local funds and matching federal contributions. This is not to say that capital comes free in Canada, but rather that the capital cost of the health-care system is buried in the total financing costs of the Canadian government (contributing significantly to Canada's national debt, which is roughly 50 per cent higher per capita than the United States').

To estimate this hidden cost, we extrapolate the U.S. ratio of capital employed to annual operating costs for health-care institutions (67 per cent), multiply it by the percentage of total health-care expenditures attributable to institutions (47 per cent), and further multiply by a 10 per cent cost of money (a conservative estimate until recently). This calculation adds 3.15 per cent to total Canadian health expenditures, increasing the Canadian health-care-to-GNP ratio by 0.3 percentage points.

Consider, next, the cost of employee health benefits. In both the United States and Canada, the health-care systems are major employers—and labor costs constitute approximately 75 per cent of all health-care expenditures. Since every U.S. employer recognizes employee health benefits as a significant incremental payroll cost, benefits for the health-care labor force are included in the operational costs of U.S. health-care facilities. In Canada, however, the cost of employee health benefits is absorbed by general taxation, and therefore excluded from calculations of health-care expenditures.

To get a best estimate of labor costs in Canadian health care, we multiply the percentage of labor costs in overall health-care expenditure by 10 per cent, for a conservative approximation of benefits as a percentage of payroll. This figure is then multiplied by 83 per cent to allow for the 17 per cent of health benefits paid for by government-levied health-insurance premiums. The product of these numbers, 6.3 per cent, indicates the amount by which Canadian expenditure should be increased to make it comparable to U.S. figures. Canada's health-care costs as a percentage of GNP thus increase an additional 0.6 points.

Population mix comes next, for health-care demand is highly dependent on the demographic profile of the served population. In the United States, it is estimated that the 12 per cent of the population that is elderly accounts for well over 50 per cent of health-care consumption; an increase of 1 percentage point in the 65-and-older population can raise health-care costs by 4.4 per cent. The U.S. cohort of 65-plus, which is 1.2 per cent larger (proportionately) than the Canadian, accounts for a full 5.3 per cent of U.S. health-care costs. In other words, were the Canadian system required to care for a population demographically equivalent to the U.S. population, it would face a 5.3 per cent increase in its health-care costs. This adjustment adds a further 0.5 points to the percentage-of-GNP figure.

Finally, if Canada were to spend the same proportion of total health-care costs on R&D as the U.S., it would face a 2.4 per cent overall increase in costs, and a resulting 0.2-point increase in health care's percentage of GNP.

The net effect of these adjustments for costs of capital, health benefits for health-care workers, population mix, and R&D is to increase Canada's share of GNP spent on health by 1.6 points. That in turn reduces an apparent 2.1-point advantage over the U.S. system to a modest 0.5. Even then, we have made no adjustment for other factors which heighten both cost and demand for medical care in the United States (and which have no parallels in Canada). They include the large number of Vietnam veterans; inner-city phenomena resulting from more intense urbanization (violent crime, substance abuse, sexually transmitted

disease, teenage pregnancy); substantially greater costs of malpractice liability and insurance; and administrative costs of the health-care system, which in Canada are absorbed into general government expenditures, with little of the real cost allocated back to health care.

Above all, we have made no allowance for the significant (currently unmeasured) use of the U.S. system by Canadian citizens. Each dollar spent by a Canadian in the United States increases the apparent cost of the U.S. health-care system, and decreases the apparent cost of the Canadian system. Thus, a more sophisticated analysis would almost certainly yield a percentage of GNP equal to, or perhaps greater than, that of the U.S. health-care system.

A Question of Limits

CANADA'S health expenditure may be higher than the crude figures suggest; but it is still a finite sum of money. And it is a fundamental tenet of the Canada Health Act that all residents are covered by one of the provincial health-care plans. Hence unlimited demand meets limited resources, and—something's gotta give.

The result is that while health insurance may be universally provided, access to actual health care is limited. There is, in effect, rationing by delay. Canadian residents may wait two months for a CAT scan or cataract surgery, four weeks or more for elective surgery (sometimes even in urgent cases), six to ten months for hip replacements. Two of Canada's most affluent provinces—Ontario and British Columbia—have contracted with U.S. hospitals near the border to provide coronary bypass surgery for Canadian citizens, with the relevant provincial ministry of health paying for the procedure.

Furthermore, the restrictions in access have grown more serious as Canadian administrators have sought to contain rising health-care costs. The 1970s were a period of rigorous management control that succeeded in squeezing much of the fat out of the health-care system. By the 1980s, however, management devices to improve productivity and cut waste were at the point of diminishing returns.

(Continues on page 59)

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

The Bard of Terror

CHARLES H. FAIRBANKS JR.

I USED to challenge my students to identify the following words: "It's probable that, as regards religion, we are about to enter an era of tolerance. Everybody will be allowed to seek his own salvation in the way that suits him best . . . We are entering into a conception of the world that will be a sunny era, an era of tolerance. Man must be put in a position to develop freely the talents that God has given him." The answers were all over the map—from Jimmy Carter to Eleanor Roosevelt—and there was some consternation when I revealed the author was Adolf Hitler. I used this example to show the peculiarly confusing or disorienting character of modern politics, the difficulty of drawing clear lines between systems that, in hindsight, appear utterly different.

Our century will be forever remembered in history as the century of totalitarianism, which came to power out of World War I and is now collaps-

***Stalin: Breaker of Nations*, by Robert Conquest (Viking, 346 pp., \$25)**

***The Great Terror: A Reassessment*, by Robert Conquest (Oxford, 570 pp., \$13.95 paper)**

ing with the end of the century. The horrors that distinguished earlier centuries—the Mongol invasions, the black death—were easy to recognize, but ours were not. Communism and Fascism had not only millions of sympathizers and apologists, they gained from the tolerance of establishment figures like Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who said that "Leonid Brezhnev is a man who shares our dreams and aspirations." Totalitarianism kept fading from view and reappearing, and this was no accident. All the ideas of totalitarianism originated in the West; socialism and nationalism were, in various Western countries, the very definitions of respectability.

On a mission to the government of

Mr. Fairbanks, a research professor of international relations at the Nitze School of Advanced International Studies, was a deputy assistant secretary of state in the Reagan Administration.

Nicaragua in 1983, I was struck to find that the head of the North American department of the Sandinista movement had been a graduate student at Yale just when I taught there. Conversation revealed him as a typical Third World student of typical Western doctrines—Marxism, the *dependencia* theory, the arms race—good-natured, confused, harmless. But put hundreds like him together with a few fanatic killers like Tomás Borge and you have a complete totalitarian regime, ready to begin the "resettlement" of minorities. Likewise the gentle and idealistic Mensheviks created an atmosphere in Russia and abroad where the serious and conscientious people were those who respected the ideas later carried by Stalin to murderous extremity. The dignified German conservatives who were anti-Semitic out of snobbery or tradition turned out to clear the way for Hitler.

In fact, totalitarianism is the product not only of what is worst in us, but of what is best in us: of idealism, commitment, loyalty, hope. It was hard to recognize, hard to respond to, hard to fight because it was in some way a mysterious double of Western civilization, a kind of secret sharer.

Now that totalitarianism in its twentieth-century form is expiring, we owe a special debt to those who helped us to distinguish it as something different and frightful when doing so was still unpopular. Robert Conquest is one of those rare human beings. The

publication of his long-anticipated biography of Stalin, and of the revised, paperback edition of his classic *The Great Terror*, is a good opportunity to assess his lifework.

Conquest's more than twenty books related to Soviet totalitarianism cover an enormous range of specific topics. Politburo politics, literary policy, the nationalities, the Soviet future, the terror, Lenin, and the differences between "despotic" and "civic" culture are only some of the Soviet issues he covered. Throughout his writings, Conquest grasps the suffering of ordinary people with the imagination of a poet and the endless contention of powerful men with the weary recognition of someone who knows it from the inside. Unlike many of our scholars, Conquest is worldly.

Apart from a graceful, unpretentious style and an astounding range of historical reference, Conquest has a gift for the telling fact and the phrase that brings it decisively to our awareness. In the new Stalin biography, for instance, we read that "On 12 December 1937 alone, Stalin and Molotov approved 3,167 death sentences, and then went to the cinema." Lysenkoism (the crank genetics of Stalin's court biologist) appealed because it "promised the submission of the plant world to the orders of the Party."

Unlike his massive *The Great Terror*, Conquest's new book, shorn of most scholarly apparatus, is one of the shortest biographies of Stalin. Yet it may be one of the most interesting. It of course uses the *glasnost* evidence unavailable to Ulam or Souvarine, although readers fascinated by Stalin may crave all the hidden archives dug out by General Dmitri Volkogonov in his four-volume biography and used sparingly by Conquest.

In *Stalin: Breaker of Nations* "the character of Stalin," writes Conquest, "has been displayed rather than dissected." The picture that emerges is of a Stalin who was "psychologically abnormal. . . . [H]e was by nature cruel." He differed from other despots, though (and this is perhaps Conquest's most brilliant insight), in ruling

not only by terror but also by falsification. For the purpose of the torture was to extract false confessions. Nor was this done only in cases where the accused were to be tried in public as great political spectacles, but equally to those shot in secret.

One may disagree in part with seeing in Stalin "a profound mediocrity melded with superhuman will power." Conquest gives thirteen pages to Stalin's military mistakes in 1941, two sentences to "the solid fact that he had indeed won the war." The fact is that Stalin had not made the mistake of the Western democracies in failing to rearm quickly, or the mistake of Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese in failing to rearm in depth. His army and industrial base were paid for, of course, with the grain stolen from peasants during forced collectivization—at a cost of millions of lives. But judged in purely military terms, the shoemaker's son had succeeded where his old master, Czar Nicholas II, had failed.

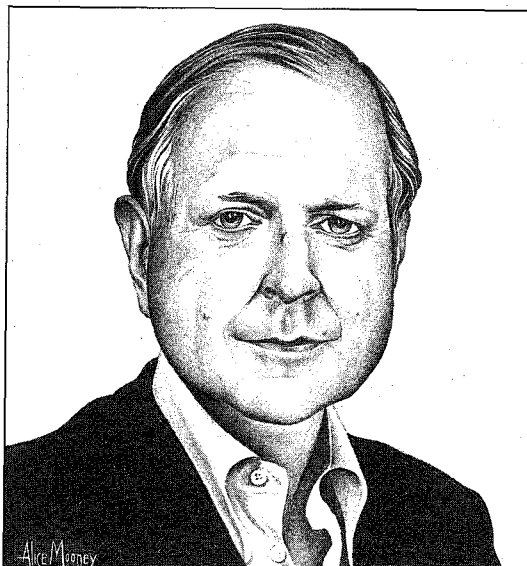
Robert Conquest is not only a distinguished Soviet specialist, but a poet, science-fiction writer, critic, and parodist—almost certainly a unique combination. It is this that makes Conquest himself, and not only what he learned, so interesting. The link between his literary and political-historical interests has to be guessed. But it might be as follows.

Conquest has spoken of

that wide variety of modern attitudes which has added to the Orwellian slogans "War is Peace," "Freedom is Slavery," "Ignorance is Strength," one he unaccountably forgot to predict: "Rubbish is Art." Being, like the others, contrary to all good sense and good taste, this one needs, and obtains, a wide range of pretentious and authoritarian double-think.

Conquest doesn't like lying, doesn't like pretentiousness, and he sees them both in Communist politics and in establishment literature (and criticism) of the modernist persuasion. Like his friend Kingsley Amis, Conquest craves naturalness; he has an aversion to establishments that crush human vigor and free expression with ambitious pretense. These attitudes attracted people like Conquest and Amis to the Left in the Thirties and Forties; Conquest himself was briefly a Communist. Now he finds his natural place on the Right. Conquest and Amis learned during the postwar decades that in our times the establishment, in politics as in culture, is to the left. If you do not want to be bound personally by convention, you have to experiment with conservatism.

When Conquest first published *The Great Terror* in 1968, the Western establishment homed in on him, as on Solzhenitsyn. They sensed that Stalin's terror was above all what one had to get around in order to achieve the broader goal of demonstrating "that the Soviet Union was not an outsider in the family of nations, a pariah." The terror makes Stalin look like a Hitler



Alice Mooney

who triumphed. In fact, when in the time of détente our President kissed Brezhnev on his flaccid cheeks or our journalists looked with hope to Yuri Andropov, they were honoring the very men who had gotten ahead in 1937–53 by denouncing their co-workers or by supervising the forced-labor projects in which human refuse was worked to death and then flushed away. So historians arose against Conquest who argued that the terror came from below as from above, and that (in J. Arch Getty's words) "the Soviet government [under Stalin] . . . was not totalitarian" because the lower bureaucracies were not competent enough to carry out orders efficiently. Others questioned Conquest's evidence. If he cites so many testimonies from Moscow's intellectuals and Communist officials, how do we know what happened to the workers and peasants? Hearsay doesn't count.

On the scale of the terror, Jerry Hough suggested that as few as fifty thousand may have died, in contrast to Conquest's early estimate of twenty million for the entire Stalin period. Demographers such as Stephen Wheatcroft, Brian Silver, and Barbara Anderson argued that "These wild unscholarly estimates serve neither science nor morality," drawing Conquest

and Steven Rosefielde into a long exchange of acrid polemics in *Slavic Review*. Conquest and his opponents argued from different planets: Conquest believed the 1939 census was a "fake" because it replaced a 1937 census that was suppressed, its authors having been shot for minimizing the Soviet population. Silver and Anderson, who do believe Stalin killed several million people, see no reason to believe he would have issued false statistics. Before the Soviet Union went out of existence in 1991, its official high-school textbooks were using figures like Conquest's.

In this argument, contemporary social science became the excuse for dismissing Conquest's work, which was labeled "political journalism." It is now easy to forget the enormous claim made by scientific social science in the Sixties—namely, that it would develop by *specialization* a value-free science of man that was as rigorous and precise as natural science. In retrospect these hopes seem as much an expression of the millenarian strain in the modern psyche as Marxism–Leninism itself.

Thus, Conquest became caught in a conflict of cultures. One culture sees learning and writing as the natural expression of an entire human life, the other as a profession, a specialty that must be carefully separated from the rest of life to make progress. To the adherents of the second culture the first can seem not only muddled but condescending and pretentious.

In our time everything is being whirled apart, like a pile of autumn leaves scattered every which way by the wind. The thinker is no longer a "writer," the administrator no longer a man who reflects, the man who proves things no longer a man of feeling. Conquest has brought back together for one lifetime some of these ever more disjointed possibilities. Why? If he wanted to nail down what was going on in the Soviet Union, why has he wasted his time with poetry? Perhaps he gained understanding of his Soviet specialty from his profligate dispersal of energies. To know that tyranny really did exist in Byzantium or in Baghdad is to open yourself to the possibility that it might exist among people who look and talk like us. Conquest's literary world, the world of his bawdy verses, is populated by people

like the aimless but endearing boozier Lucky Jim, in Amis's comic masterpiece. If real people are like that, are they good raw material for the vast utopian social experiment planned by the humorless Lenin?

In fact, the cruelties of totalitarianism are not unrelated to the loss of common sense that takes place most easily in small, closed groups like the Politburo or Hitler's *alter Kämpfer*. Every small closed community has its idiosyncratic way that seems utterly normal and natural to it. The Manson gang had its way, the Symbionese Liberation Army its way, the cultists who committed suicide in Guyana their way. In such groups, there is terrific pressure to conform. Take Communist "democratic centralism": at the Moscow trials, brave and intelligent men confessed to baseless charges and went to their deaths rather than be separated from the Party. In this atmosphere mass murder becomes the thing to do.

For us, the tribe has vanished and the family is sickly. More and more, the small closed community means the professions, the interest groups, and the academic disciplines. Common sense suggested that a lot of people were killed in Stalin's terror, or that the Soviet Union of Brezhnev still did not look like a "pluralist" system with "extensive political participation." But within the field of Soviet studies, with its wider sources, its special methods, its refinements, and its distinctive in-group psychology, we were unable to enunciate these truths clearly or, if we did, we paid the price Conquest paid. Likewise the concept "sexual harassment" seems to common sense to lump together actions of unequal seriousness, but to the "women's movement" it is a closed matter. Affirmative action looks a bit dubious to common sense, but obviously right to the "civil-rights community." To the "arts community" it is obvious that any obscene self-exhibition is art and deserves public funding, and so on.

Thus there is an intrinsic compatibility between specialization and the agenda of the Left, which sees society as a mosaic of minorities, each exacting from the public the tribute due: that its particular obsession or jargon pass unreviewed by some wider American or Western or human awareness. And, since the New Deal, the word "expert" has been essentially synony-

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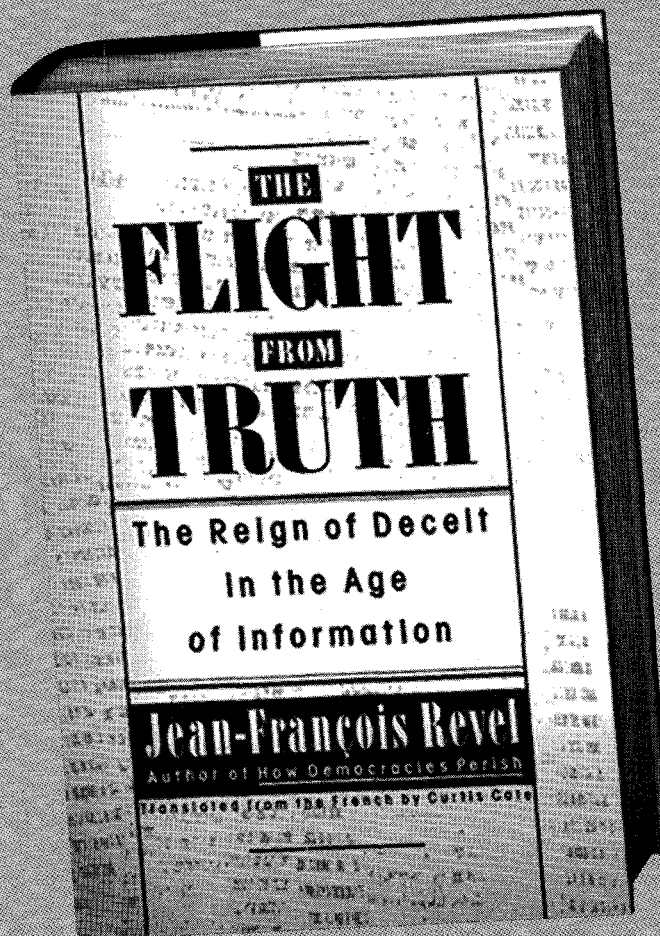
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mous in America with "Democrat." Finally, the political defeat of the New Left, from McGovern to Reagan, forced its retreat into the ivory fortresses of the universities and the boggy fastness of the mainline churches. From here the Left has now embarked on a new offensive under banners such as multiculturalism, post-modernism, and deconstructionism.

In our time it is only a few rare human beings like Robert Conquest who defy the iron law of specialization. What will become of his lifework now? For the rest of his lifetime, he can rightly feel a sense of triumph. With the revelations of *glasnost*, almost everything Conquest wrote about the terror has been confirmed, and his work has become popular in Russia. It is his old critics who are now embarrassed and out of tune with the times, and the verdict of Russian opinion will react in turn on the Western field of Soviet studies. Sadly, the world judges by success, and the excuses Western scholars made for Communism will not long survive the collapse of Communism. For those of us who feel the need to rethink the meaning of the twentieth-century totalitarian experience, Conquest's works will offer an enormous resource and a direction to pursue.

But for the remoter future, isn't all this purely academic? Totalitarianism in its twentieth-century form is clearly doomed, and Stalin may become what Attila and Genghis Khan have become: a joke. The Gulag will turn into *Hogan's Heroes*.

This outcome would be regrettable. It presupposes that the possibility of totalitarianism is excluded in the future. To assume this is to forget that totalitarianism is that curious double of modern democratic civilization, the secret sharer in our normal life.

Concretely, the dissatisfaction with the status quo and with its establishment, which so inspired the young Conquest, remains a permanent possibility, ever-beckoning to the young, the restless, the ambitious, and particularly to the intellectuals. The blemishes of the status quo suggest inevitably an alternative, a counter-order, which easily turns into a utopia. In the history of the West, the greatest barrier to this dangerous evolution was religion, which argued that the good social order is not attainable on this earth. But in our secular society

religion occupies the place of a hobby among other hobbies. Science and the taste for progress are far more powerful forces, and they implicitly suggest the opposite: the availability of radical improvements and of the truth made practical, as in technology.

The greatest problem is the problem of the intellectuals. Every specialist is conscious of understanding something we believe important but which is shockingly muddled in the public discourse, in the newspapers and TV. This is cause for a natural pride in no way rewarded by democratic society. Democratic society will never treat intellectuals as aristocrats. Hence arises the attachment of the intellectuals to the adversary culture, Lionel Trilling's term for the intellectual's critical or judging stance toward the surrounding culture. Of course, the attachment of the intellectuals to the adversary culture is speeded by the real defects of the status quo, defects that will not soon vanish.

In our lifetime, the intellectual homes of the adversary culture have been Marxism and Fascism. They provided the adversary culture with a definition of the problem, a source of hope, a vision of an alternative order, and tactics for getting there. With the hauling down of the red flag on the Kremlin in December 1991, these structures are no longer habitable.

What will be the next home of the adversary culture in history? It is impossible to say, but we *can* probably say two things. First, the new locus of the adversary culture will have a high potential to become the locus of a political totalitarianism that will reenact the horrors of the twentieth century. Second, it will loose these horrors on our grandchildren or great-grandchildren when they are utterly unsuspecting, unprepared, because the next period after the collapse of Communism will probably be as sunny, for Americans and Europeans, as the Victorian Age. The likely return of totalitarian politics in a new and different form will repeat our experience with the arrival of Fascism. At that point the Left had been around since the French Revolution; its shape and its potential dangers were somewhat understood. Because Fascism was so new, because it did not fall neatly into the Left or Right, it was peculiarly hard to understand and hard to resist.

Robert Conquest has been, with Solzhenitsyn, the bard of terror for my generation. In the epoch of which I am speaking now the frightful things he records will seem as far away as the world sung by Homer. But his works are something we can hand down to our great-grandchildren, lest they be surprised. □

This Campbell Person

MORTIMER J. ADLER

IN *A Fire in the Mind*, an idolatrous biography of Joseph Campbell by the brothers Stephen and Robin Larsen, we learn that while he

A Fire in the Mind: The Life of Joseph Campbell, by Stephen and Robin Larsen (Doubleday, 636 pp., \$30)

was still an undergraduate at Columbia University in 1924, Campbell found reading Thomas Aquinas's *Summa contra Gentiles* tough going, but before the semester started he got through "420 pages of this profound Aquinas person."

That Campbell found Aquinas uncongenial does not surprise me, as I was an undergraduate at Columbia

before Campbell arrived, and while he was there a member of the faculty. In my judgment, his education there was formed by admiration for the wrong authors and the wrong books: by Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, by James Stephens's *Crock of Gold*, by William Graham Sumner's *Folkways*, not by the study of Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Aquinas, John Locke, John Stuart Mill, and William James. His knowledge and understanding of philosophy and psychology were derived

Mr. Adler is the author of 49 books, most recently Desires Right and Wrong: The Ethics of Enough (Macmillan). He is Chairman of the Board of Editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and director of the Institute for Philosophical Research.

from his reading of Nietzsche, Heidegger, Freud, Schopenhauer, and Jünger—all sources of the gravest modern errors.

As a consequence, I have little interest in the details of Campbell's life and find the Larsens' fabulous account of the "supernatural events" attendant upon his death appalling. It might have been enlightening, though, to learn how his being reared as a Roman Catholic and being mistaught its articles of faith and its theology led to his rejection of that religion in the late Twenties. The authors merely tell us that "although the cognitive and emotional gap between his inner convictions and Church doctrine was growing ever wider, never to close again, he had continued to attend Mass and had even done altar service in Paris."

From what Campbell himself wrote on the subject, I can only conclude that his understanding of the Christian creed and its theology was puerile. In that field he was an ignoramus.

The best example of this is found in *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space*, the book he wrote just before he died in 1987. In that book he clearly and explicitly states his views about the relations of mythology to religion. All his other books merely insinuate his subversive dismissal of all—all, not some—religions as misconstrued mythologies.

Readers will find a few traces of these views in this biography. On page 414, we find Campbell quoted as saying: "Clearly, Christianity is opposed fundamentally and intrinsically to everything that I am working and living for. Krishna is a much better teacher and model than Christ."

On page 429, Campbell is reported as having difficulty reconciling the basic mythologies of Christianity, and particularly Catholicism, with science. One wonders why mythologies, which are only poetically true, need to be reconciled with science. One might add that Aquinas thought that the dogmas of his religion have factual, not poetical, truth and necessarily have to be reconcilable with everything that was then known in philosophy and in science.

I set forth my criticisms of this view in a book published in 1990, *Truth in Religion*. That effort was initially motivated by my negative response to the celebrated Moyers-Campbell TV programs, entitled *The Power of Myth*.

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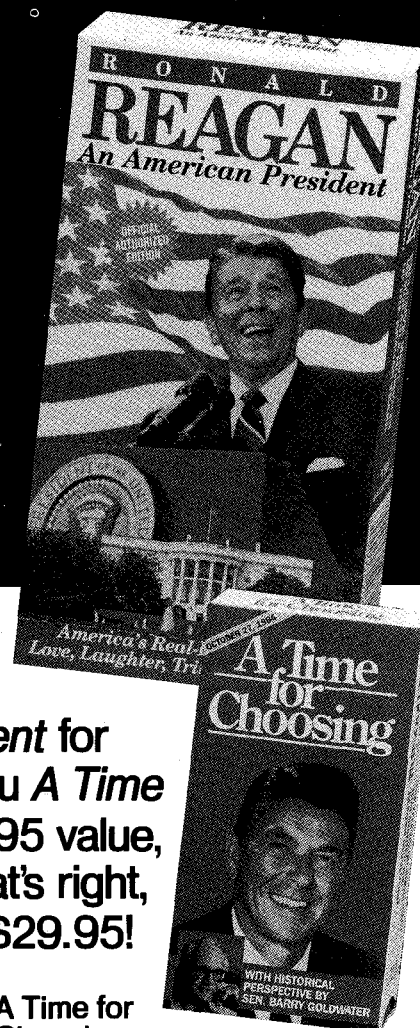
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My old friend Bill Moyers seemed to me to have been as taken in by Campbell as are his biographers. He did not critically challenge the extraordinary misstatements made by Campbell about Christian beliefs.

Campbell did understand that while myths have poetical truth, the kind of truth all made-up stories have, they do not have the factual and logical truth to be found in historical narratives and in bodies of scientific knowledge. He must therefore have understood the difference between poetical and logical truth, being himself a social scientist. He must have understood the criteria by which the truth of generalizations in sociology or cultural anthropology can be tested, proved, and disproved, criteria he would not himself apply to poetical narratives or mythologies. Hence his statement that all religions are misconstrued mythologies asserts that, although they may have poetical truth, they are *all factually and logically false*.

It may be true that some religions are misconstrued mythologies having poetical but not factual or logical truth. But Campbell held that this is the case with *all* religions. That is an unqualified generalization on his part, and he asserted it as a social scientist—a cultural anthropologist.

How did Campbell support the truth of his scientific generalization? By logical argument? No. By evidence which, in the strict logical sense, has probative force? No. How then? By purely rhetorical means, ill-concealed innuendo intended to discredit, not disprove, religious beliefs.

The subtitle of *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space* is "Metaphor as Myth and as Religion." Every metaphor can be transformed into a simile, which asserts what something is *like*, not what it *is*. Myths are full of metaphors, for metaphors are essential ingredients in poetry. Aquinas explains why the divinely inspired language of Sacred Scripture is also full of metaphors (*Summa Theologica*, Part 1, Q. 1, Art. 9). To say this is only to say that there is *some similarity* between a mythological text and a religious text; it is not to say that all religions are factually false, nothing but poetically true mythologies.

Finally, we come in *A Fire in the Mind* to the phrase "Follow your bliss," which sums up Campbell's basic preachment about how one

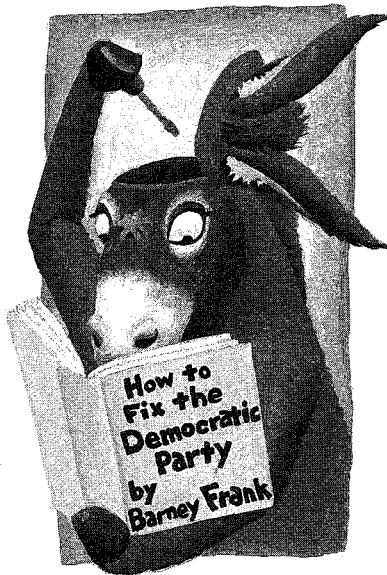
should live one's life, supposedly distilled from all the "wisdom" he found in the world's mythologies.

That phrase, despite the great air of mystery and sophistication with which Campbell uttered it, expresses the

most simple-minded hedonism: *Do whatever you want to do if it gives you pleasure*. This may be the "wisdom" of Essalin and the New Age, but it represents the lowest debasement of twentieth-century culture. □

The Fix Is In

MATTHEW SCULLY



Chris Miles

THIS book addresses what Barney Frank takes to be the great question now facing the Democratic Party—why the White House continues to elude it. But the most instructive moment comes in a passing reference to the issue of congressional

***Speaking Frankly: What's Wrong with the Democratic Party and How to Fix It*, by Barney Frank (Random House, 164 pp., \$19)**

term limitations, which he dismisses as the desperate ruse of Republicans unable to displace incumbent Democrats by ordinary means. Here, as Representative Frank understands it, is the heart of the matter:

What the feared "incumbency" factor comes down to is that voters, having once selected someone to represent them in a legislative district, tend strongly to vote for him or her again two or four years later, especially if the legislator in question has been diligent about staying in touch with those voters. . . . Why this should be considered by some as a terri-

ble thing is baffling—as a legislator I must be in the only profession in the world where a high degree of consumer satisfaction is taken as a sign that something is radically wrong.

Is that not the real problem right there? The folks back home are no longer constituents in need of representation. They're "consumers" in need of satisfaction. And because Mr. Frank has acquired a large enough brood of "consumers" who depend upon his expert troughsmanship in Washington, he assumes he's performing his constitutional duties in exemplary fashion, a proven "professional."

How then, he asks in *Speaking Frankly*, can we bring the same standard of professionalism to the White House? Through diligent attention to constituent needs, after all, Democrats have long commanded both houses of Congress, most state legislatures, and seldom fewer than thirty governorships. Just what prevents them from possessing the Presidency too?

Well, he explains, in presidential contests things work a little differently. Constituent services and the promise of this or that new program don't count for quite so much. People tend to "vote up," less mindful of their own material interests than of "their favored vision for the nation as a whole." Democrats, in other words, "usually win when the voters are focusing on issues, but Republicans almost always win when voters are concerned with values."

Another man might have paused over that little axiom, wondering just why it is that Democrats tend to win only when people "vote down" with a view to their material interests. Mr. Frank deduces only that, to "fix" the party and thereby gain the White House, the Democrats must discard the competence-over-ideology formula tried last time around in favor of moral "values." In general, "liberals

Mr. Scully is NR's Associate Literary Editor.

suffer not because of the position we take but because of voter perceptions that our values are wrong."

Reassuring voters of the party's moral values involves, however, this problem: there remains a particularly fractious group of Democrats who simply will not stand for it. These people, whom Mr. Frank terms the "notsapostas" (they're forever reminding other Democrats what a true liberal is "notsaposta" say), must be defied. During the Gulf War, for instance,

I was reminded of the power of the notsapostas for some when I told one meeting of peace activists that I thought they should keep in mind that George Bush was morally far superior to Saddam Hussein whatever the disagreements about politics. That set off a violent outburst from some of those present. . . . During some of these meetings, and afterward, a few told me that they could no longer vote for me.

To his credit, Mr. Frank stood up to this menacing mob of "notsapostas" in defense of his Commander-in-Chief. Yet the lesson he draws has more to do with what liberals should say than with what they should actually do. Just what kind of people—according to the story, his own avid supporters—react in a violent outburst to an elementary moral distinction? More to the point, what does it say of the party that they now exert the enormous influence Mr. Frank himself acknowledges? To argue that party leaders are not quite as morally confused as the activists, but have merely been timid in giving ground to such people, hardly makes the lot of them look any more presidential.

Saying the right thing, he goes on to explain, is achieved by affirming those patriotic values dear to traditional Democrats while offending as few "notsapostas" as possible. Thus, he proposes, instead of demanding a "peace dividend" with which to fund more Democratic programs, let's call it America's "victory dividend." The phrase has an "air of triumph" and entitlement, whereas

To many swing voters, supporters of a peace dividend are part of a movement that has frequently blamed America for many of the ills in the world, has reduced the role of our military, and may be very naïve about the need for us to use force in the defense of our legitimate interests.

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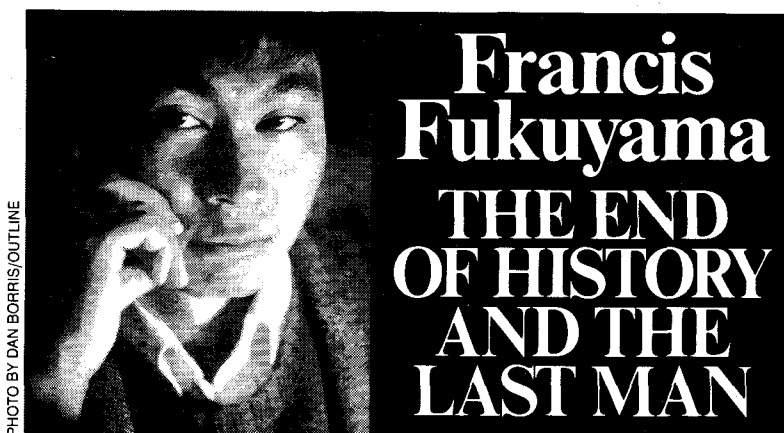


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As so often with the “misperception” defense, Mr. Frank here reveals a pretty low opinion of those traditional Democrats he’s aiming to please. Are they really so superficial as to be won back with a turn of phrase? He himself, elsewhere in *Speaking Frankly*, criticizes fellow liberals for supposing that those stubborn voters who insisted on voting for Reagan and Bush merely need, in 1992, to be “educated on the issues” (one of the book’s more sensible points). But that’s better than trying to lure them back by flattery, hailing the noble taxpayer for his triumph in the cold war before proceeding to the ceremonial fleecing.

In any case, the idea of liberals stepping forward with that “air of triumph” to claim the long-awaited victory dividend brings to mind the final scene in *High Noon*, when all the would-be deputies and townspeople reappear in the street to congratulate one another on the courageous routing of the Miller brothers.

On the issue of crime, too, liberal Democrats are vulnerable to caricature. Not because they don’t “believe deeply in American values,” but again on account of those darn misperceptions. Here Mr. Frank offers just about the only concrete proposal in his entire manual on “fixing” the party—a curtailing of the exclusionary rule of evidence. “We liberals,” he concedes, “have allowed ourselves to be restrained from saying what the public at large wants—and has every right—to hear: that people who assault, rape, rob from, or otherwise terrorize others are bad people from whom the innocent majority must be protected.”

This is quite a startler: there are morally *bad* people. Now if only he would apply that revelation to some of the party’s other problems. Mr. Frank gives us, for instance, the usual defense of liberalism’s social causes—“a woman’s right to choose,” the war on “homophobia”—about which, alas, there are yet more misperceptions. But once it is established that there are morally bad people, it’s just possible that some of them may be involved in these very causes. People are bad by virtue of bad choices, bad choices are to be discouraged . . .

Well, you can see where that line of thought would have led him. To real values and real reform. As it is, his reflections on the moral question of the day extend only to the matter-of-fact

observation that “the pro-choice position is a given among Democratic presidential candidates,” a proven vote-getter. What Mr. Fix-It really means by “a given” is, of course, that no other position will be tolerated. That Big Tent accommodating a diversity of opinion is only for those narrow-minded Republicans.

Mr. Frank’s plan of action, then, turns out on closer inspection not to be a plan of action at all, but a rhetorical strategy. Under his moral guidance—and who would challenge his credentials to offer such?—the party will continue to be governed foremost by the same values that inspired his book: electoral values. Its philosophical vocabulary: “subsidies,” “grants,” “set-asides,” “programs,” “contracts,” “jobs,” and “rights”—more and more of them. “Bad people” are those who intrude on this little world, either by committing crimes for which liberals

get blamed, or by begrudging deserving Democrats the dividends due them, or by going beyond those comforting “values” to make “value judgments” about specific behavior, thereby ruining the whole illusion. How to restore the “moral core” of such an institution? You might as well speak of the moral core that binds the Gambinos, DiCavalcantes, and Castellanos.

Remember, though, we’re dealing here with professionals, and it may be that with Mr. Frank’s gussied-up rhetoric attached to it this unsavory product will lure back enough consumers to take the White House. His call for “values” will doubtless inspire deep reflection in the offices of Senator Kerrey, Governor Clinton, et al. But their success will depend more on the other party, to which those crucial conservative voters will turn again in search of the real article, and whether disappointment awaits them there, too. □

Jobs Well Done

HUGH KENNER

AT LAST COUNT, a sixtyish John Updike could list three dozen published books, most of them spun from his fictionist’s imagination. In fiction he’s indisputably of Master status, and a novel will absorb a Master for a year or more, a story for at least a month. Add time with four children, afternoons for golf, and lo, a life sweetly occupied.

In some space-time warp, though, Updike finds access to additional time.

Odd Jobs: Essays and Criticism, by John Updike (Knopf, 919 pp., \$35)

The equivalent of two working years, he calculates, went to writing his 201 *New Yorker* reviews (of 369 books). And he instances a time toward the end of 1988 when, even while pondering a novel-to-be, he was working at assignments from ten or so publications, from *Popular Mechanics* (“a study of our national monuments from the engineering angle”) clear down to *The New Yorker* (“an introduction to

an album of covers”). *Odd Jobs*, about the length of three novels, is but a selection from the spare-time work of but eight years, 1982–90.

One piece it includes is for *Popular Mechanics*, where we’re told how Eero Saarinen’s St. Louis Arch was put up, by technicians maneuvering atop what had already been completed. (That’s analogous to the way a novel gets written.) “Eighty-ton work platforms climbed the two legs of the arch on tracks of thirty-inch steel beams spaced twenty-four feet apart,” and the fit of the final segment came within a 1/64 inch of perfection. He relishes that order of numeracy; not for him the coy wince of the Man of Feeling who, heh heh, could never balance a checkbook. For intelligence is after all unitary. That Updike can reward us with paragraphs about the engineering of an arch is perhaps less remarkable than the insight of *Popular Mechanics* in thinking to invite him.

Or here he is addressing an MIT audience, on the 25th anniversary of the Computer Science lab. Computers, he is hoping, will always be spared “the bloody, painful, and inconclusive mess of human experience”:

Mr. Kenner, a professor of English at the University of Georgia, is the author most recently of The Sinking Island: The Modern English Writers (Knopf).

Let them be, like the spoiled children of men who have fought their way up from the bottom, exempted from any need for common sense, and let their first and only emotion be bliss, the bliss we glimpse in Bach fugues, in elegant mathematical proofs, and in certain immortal games of chess.

A tip of the hat, again, as much for MIT as for Updike.

Reviews of fiction, though, make up the bulk of *Odd Jobs*. An assessment of five novels by Philip Roth occupies fifteen pages, and offers this gem: "Tirades, philippics, self-expositions: reading a Roth novel becomes like riding in an overheated club car, jostled this way and that by the clamorous, importunate crowd of talkers while glimpses of the outside world tantalizingly whip past the steamed-up windows. The train slackens momentum and clanks to a halt, and we press our forehead to the glass only to see that we already *were* in this station, an hour or two ago."

Or, here's the essence of Joyce Carol Oates: "Her fictional worlds exist to be consumed by her characters' passions . . . Her plots suggest not architecture but cloud formations, beginning and ending in air; there is rarely a sentence that arrests a moment for its own cherishable sake, in a crystallization of language. All is flowing, shifting context. Her worlds refuse to enclose, to be pleasant. Prayers arise from them, but no praise."

And Franz Kafka, who "wrote in a Europe where islands of urban wealth, culture, and discontent were surrounded by a countryside still, in its simplicity, apparently in possession of the secret of happiness, of harmony with the powers of earth and sky. Modernity has proceeded far enough . . . to make us doubt that anyone really has this secret. Part of Kafka's strangeness, and part of his enduring appeal, was to suspect that everyone except himself had it."

Updike is wonderfully deft at that order of summation, and not only when he's dealing with fellow novelists, writers who create their worlds. A work of non-fiction, if sufficiently far from routine, can also summon up his generalizing powers. In 1990 a literate engineer named Henry Petroski published *The Pencil: A History of Design and Circumstance*, and Updike found himself asking how the book filled 434 pages when its story, as his review



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demonstrates, can be summarized in 3. Well, "Mr. Petroski has an engineer's light touch upon his own pencil. He writes a relaxed, translucent, spun-glass kind of prose, with a not inconsiderable percentage of pure air between its twirled filaments."

That is not a brush-off; no, a detached account of the talent that educated a readable book from the story of the pencil. Consider: at a mere 200 pages, it "might appear to be merely informative. A book twice that size, though not as informative, is a feat, a prank: it has a certain mysterious majesty, like that fondly remembered best-seller of yesteryear, *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. Such a swelling, looming, teasingly excessive book promises to lift us high from its

quaintly specific base. With its striking blue jacket, which successfully imitates pencil sheen, and its unusual shape—tall, thick, but not wide—the artifact beckons."

So might Henry James have written, could we imagine a Henry James with the patience to meditate on a book devoted to *The Pencil*. John Updike's contagious good nature permeates the collection: not a good nature that shrugs in toleration of idiots and cynics; no, an amiable nature at home with the four-dimensional realities of bookdom, that house of many mansions where *The Pencil* and *Ulysses* and *The Name of the Rose* can claim each one somehow a room. No one else, there, is quite so acutely urbane. □

MUSIC

The Man Who Was Sinatra

JOSEPH SOBRAN

FRANK SINATRA embarked recently on something called Frank Sinatra's Diamond Jubilee World Tour ("with special guest Corbett Monica"). His name was also in the papers again: Judith Exner has described anew how Sinatra helped bring her boyfriends John Kennedy and Sam Giancana together. (Giancana lent Kennedy a generous hand in Chicago during the 1960 campaign, and shortly after the Bay of Pigs disaster, Mrs. Exner says, the two met in a Chicago hotel room to plot the death of Fidel Castro.)

Sinatra also made news—or rather, had news made about him—when Kitty Kelley wrote that he'd had a White House fling with . . . oh, you remember. Having been the subject of Miss Kelley's last bio, he must have thought he'd paid his dues to her. Little did he know that her most lurid tale was yet to come.

However false and outrageous such gossip may be, Sinatra has made himself vulnerable to it. His celebrity is the enemy of his genius. Most young people today probably think of him as an old Las Vegas entertainer in a toupee who sings "My Way," "It Was a Very Good Year," and an especially dilapidated version of "Bad, Bad Leroy



Alan Nahigian

Brown," interspersed with double-entendres that draw guffaws from the drunks in the audience. Phil Hartman of *Saturday Night Live* catches this Sinatra, obtusely sure he still defines hip, in a hilarious imitation.

For thirty years, since he left Capitol Records to launch his own Reprise label, Sinatra has been freeloading on his own legend. He has forced an admiring public to associate him with the Rat Pack, ugly feuds with the press, thuggish bodyguards, a self-advertised appetite for booze & broads, and some depressingly soggy singing. Obsessed with his legend, he has done

his best to destroy it. Fortunately, there is more to Sinatra than tailored autobiographical schlock like "My Way," retrospective albums of greatest hits (complete with self-congratulatory narration), and a series of apparently self-bestowed nicknames (Chairman of the Board, Ol' Blue Eyes).

Sinatra's career falls into three neat if unequal periods. Early Sinatra, the bobby-sox swoon of the Forties, was an excellent crooner whose originality is captured by Gene Lees in his book *Singers & the Song*: Sinatra was the first vocalist to understand the implications of the microphone, which "made possible speech-level singing." Journalists made fun of Sinatra's habit of gripping the old standing mike, tilting it toward or away from himself: "They did not understand that he was playing it." Voice and mike became one instrument, and Sinatra knew exactly what sound it was producing. Other singers just performed in front of the mike, trusting it to reproduce their performances. By making it his partner, in effect, Sinatra created an intimacy through broadcast and record. There was no need to "project" the voice, as in opera singing; sound engineering had made the pear-shaped tone obsolete, stagsounding. (Marlon Brandó achieved a parallel effect on film by abandoning the large gestures and vocal resonance of traditional stage-acting.)

But there was much more to Sinatra's technique. With superb breath control (learned from Tommy Dorsey), he broke lyrics into speechlike phrases, subtly unpredictable. Each note became a unit less of music than of meaning. That his style was praised for "sincerity" was the triumph of his extremely self-conscious art.

The enormously popular Early Sinatra faded in the late Forties. Record sales plummeted, his sweet voice unaccountably turned to a croak, and he left his wife to chase Ava Gardner. His career seemed finished until he landed the role of Maggio (for which he won an Oscar) in *From Here to Eternity* and began Middle Sinatra, the nonpareil of American pop singers. With Nelson Riddle, Billy May, and Gordon Jenkins (but mostly Riddle), he recorded an amazing series of albums: *In the Wee Small Hours*, *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, *Only the Lonely*, *Come Dance with Me*, *No One Cares*, *Nice 'n' Easy*, and a dozen others.

Mr. Sobran is NR's Critic-at-Large.

Middle Sinatra was to pop music in the Fifties what Casey Stengel's Yankees were to the American League. He changed the whole sound of it. He was, in his own favorite word, swingin' now. There was less honey and more lemon in the voice, a transparent tone with a slightly acid edge. He sounded both tougher and sadder than he had in the Forties. He sang more up-tempo songs, and his gift for phrasing gave them a conversational ease, an irresistible new rhythm. He recorded dozens of standards, but they sounded different from the way they had before; and only a bold singer would dare to record any of Sinatra's many signature songs.

Middle Sinatra could still croon, too. For inscrutable reasons (Ava Gardner was the only explanation anyone could think of) his ballads and torch songs seemed to carry infinitely deeper meaning and feeling than they had in his youth. They were less pretty but more beautiful, sung with a kind of offhand conviction, like tales told late at night in a bar—the situation presupposed in one of his greatest performances, his 1958 recording of "One for My Baby," with Bill Miller's haunting piano accompaniment. In *Nice 'n' Easy* (1961) he rerecorded a dozen slow songs he'd first recorded on Columbia in the Forties; it remains his finest album. It reveals that his sense of rhythm is even more telling when he sings slowly than when he swings, every note audaciously delayed until it has to be sung. If you want to embarrass yourself, try singing along with it. Assuming you can reach all the notes (yes, Sinatra's range is underrated), you'll find yourself consistently hitting them 'way too soon. The old master will show you up without even trying, you hasty pipsqueak.

In the Sixties, all too soon, came Late Sinatra, now entering his fourth decade. His first few Reprise albums were as good as his Capitol recordings; unhappily, most of them have never been released on CD and are no longer available. As the decade passed, he sang with less and less belief in the lyrics. Partly it was a matter of a relaxed style becoming downright lazy; partly it was due to inferior material. He wasn't doing Rodgers-Hart, Gershwin, Porter, Kern, and Mercer songs any more; instead, he was goofing off with schmaltz like "Strangers in the Night," "That's Life," and, over and

over, "My Way," his excruciatingly boastful theme song, which exposed a withered larynx and a degree of self-intoxication that could only make you blush for him. Without the rein of self-criticism, his talent deserted him.

The wonder is that this uncouth man once sang the best American popular songs, back when such songs were still being written, with such uncanny sensitivity and finesse. A musi-

cal era ended at about the same time Sinatra quit singing seriously, when mainstream radio stations started playing rock. But a radiant part of that era has been preserved: Capitol has reissued nearly all Sinatra's albums from the Fifties, as well as a three-disc set of 75 of his best songs, *The Capitol Years*. Listen to a few bars of "I've Got a Crush on You," and you'll forget all about Kitty Kelley. □

FILM

Pop-Art Parables

JOHN SIMON

AMONG THE HORDE of holiday movies this column is still struggling to catch up with, one is ahead by a nose: Barbra Streisand's *The Prince of Tides*, based on a quasi-autobiographical novel by Pat Conroy. "Ahead" in this case means bigness, the addressing of purportedly serious questions, the slow gestation

and fancy production values, the fact that Miss Streisand both directed and stars as Dr. Susan Lowenstein, a psychiatrist, and that she has taken it all so gravely as to refuse to sing a behind-the-titles theme song.

Tom Wingo (Nick Nolte) is an unemployed high-school football coach and English teacher (in that order), whose marriage to Sallie is quietly unraveling in the beautiful South Carolina house they inhabit with three daugh-

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York magazine.

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ters. Meanwhile in New York City, Tom's suicidal sister, Savannah (Melinda Dillon), has this time narrowly missed offing herself, and is under the care of the eminent Dr. Lowenstein. Dr. L. asks Tom to come up to New York and supply helpful background information, particularly about the siblings' mother, Lila (Kate Nelligan), a woman whose vanity was a handicap, but whose toughness was a help, especially against a brutish husband and father, Henry (Brad Sullivan), a stock character pretty much in tune with the rest of this inflated dime-store novel now spreading its wings and Wings across the wide screen yonder.

The movie, with artfully burnished cinematography by Stephen Goldblatt, has the look classics are made of; it is mostly well cast; and it is directed with the proficiency formerly deployed by cannily accommodating directors under the paternal gaze of old Hollywood studio bosses—except for one not inconsiderable difference: Miss Streisand's pretensions to art. This can also be said of Conroy's novel, with its trite ideas hungering for significance, its melodramatically contrived and strategically parceled-out climaxes, and its plummily plummeting prose.

Some of that turgidity could luckily not be fitted into a screenplay (by Conroy and Becky Johnston), but enough survives in the hero-narrator's interior monologues that manage to push down into shallownesses better left unexplored. Many stories contend for equal attention: Lila's unhappy married life and icily arriviste second marriage; the three Wingo children's sometimes idyllic and more often troubled tideland adolescence (including that of the most dazzling but subsequently tragic elder brother); the rocky home life of Tom and Sallie (Blythe Danner), and *their* three kids; Dr. L.'s treatment of Savannah, who soon mysteriously gets lost in the shuffle; and Dr. L.'s curiously unremunerated sessions with Tom, which evolve into regular therapy and the film's main thread.

From this thread hang, like so many gaudy beads, 1) Dr. L.'s curative uncovering of the dark family secret; 2) Tom's curing of Dr. L.'s acutely hostile boy (Jason Gould, Miss Streisand's son by Elliott) whom the ex-coach turns, literally and figuratively, into a ball-playing college-freshman-to-be (balls



Leonard Leone Jr.

succeeding where psychiatry evidently failed); 3) the wonderful, life-enhancing affair that develops between Tom and Dr. L., whose husband, the famous concert violinist and adulterer, is yet another perfect, albeit polished, beast (Dr. L.'s expertise is no help with her husband either); and 4) Tom's (and Dr. L.'s) great renunciation: a return to Sallie (who gives up the other man), the girls (the eldest of whom was headed for an Electra complex), and even a new understanding for Lila and her chilly, plutocratic marriage. That pretty much covers the main themes, and though the film has lost all interest in Savannah, one assumes that Dr. L. cannot but save her, too.

If *The Prince of Tides* is at all watchable, the reasons are chiefly the watery landscapes and several solid performances. Nick Nolte, once an inauspicious Hollywood tyro, has evolved from a hunk and hulk into a sincere and confident actor, capable of both forcefulness and sensitivity, joviality and torment, and of squeezing life out of claptrap. Kate Nelligan makes Lila not only believable, which must have been hard, but also likable, which must have seemed impossible. Blythe Danner is restrained, moving, and quite marvelous as Sallie, a role as short in duration as on originality. Jason Gould is adroitly type-cast, but even the distinguished Dutch actor Jeroen Krabbé cannot save the fancy fiddler husband from being Conroy's cliché redneck view of the long-hair artist and European swine.

As for Dr. L., a number of psychiatrists questioned by the *New York Times* expressed their intense dis-

pleasure with the concept and characterization, including Miss Streisand's feral fingernails. To which I would add her Brooklyn accent, of the kind hard to retain after years of college and medical school. Still, she tries hard to convey a therapist, an actress, and a compassionate human being with roughly equal, or equally rough, success. Tom Brown's famous ditty, "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell," works as handily with Dr. L., although "the reason why" is rather easier to tell.

■ **Bugsy** is the story of the notorious gangster Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, who was deputized by the East Coast racketeers to colonize the West Coast for them. His ruthless takeover executed with movie-star charm, his passion for Hollywood, where he had aspirations to acting, his close involvement with celebrities such as George Raft, his stormy relationship with the scarlet starlet Virginia Hill, and his "vision," to quote the press kit, "of a hotel in the desert, a palace, a city: Las Vegas," are the stuff of this long, resplendently produced, slickly accomplished, and dazzlingly hollow film.

The gangster movie, formerly one of Hollywood's staples, has latterly grown much more sporadic, but also opulent, elephantine, and portentous—witness *Godfather I, II, and III*. When it does not take itself too seriously and is executed with savvy and authenticity—as in *Goodfellas*—it remains as viable as before. *Bugsy* falls midway between the elegance of the latter and the bombast of the former. It has a screenplay by James Toback, who, in several movies he has written and directed, has shown a certain perverse flair along with unsavory excesses and clumsinesses, but who here, under the supervision of the proficient director Barry Levinson, spins out this tale of (to quote the same source) "a media celebrity . . . as appealing as he was dangerous" well enough while it is fictionalized biography, poorly when it turns into romanticized hagiography.

Contributing to the movie's glamor are the high budget and Allan Davis's almost too ravishing cinematography. Incidents and dialogue tend to have punch and style, except where Toback overshoots the mark into unhinged sex-and-power fantasies. Acting more incisively than usual, Warren

Beatty makes a compelling Bugsy, with Harvey Keitel and Ben Kingsley outstanding in the supporting cast. However, Elliott Gould overdoes the underwritten part of a pathetic mobster, and the gifted Joe Mantegna does not find his way into George Raft's persona. As Virginia Hill, Annette Bening will do, but she is fast losing the edge that not so long ago made her one of the best and loveliest New York stage actresses. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Modern Times: From the Twenties to the Nineties (Revised Edition), by Paul Johnson (HarperCollins, 870 pp., \$35)

The original *Modern Times* brought us to the end of "The Collectivist Seventies." Here Mr. Johnson has tacked on a cheerier final chapter, "The Recovery of Freedom." The recovery was marked above all by "outstanding popular leaders" representing ordinary men and women, and the corresponding "failure of intellectual leadership." The events and heroes are all familiar: Thatcher, Reagan, Wojtyla, Yeltsin, Walesa. It attests to Mr. Johnson's historical sense that, writing last June, he could anticipate the possibility of a Soviet coup and its likely failure. "Soviet Russia was suffering from an absence of clear lines of authority. . . . Russia [however] had no tradition of generals seizing power; the only occasion when such had been attempted, the famous Decembrist movement of 1825, had ended in complete fiasco." Will the "Recovery of Freedom" continue? "It was not yet clear whether the underlying evils which had made possible [the century's] catastrophic failures and tragedies—the rise of

moral relativism . . . [and] not least the arrogant belief that men and women could solve all the mysteries of the universe by their own unaided intellects—were in the process of being eradicated." That use of the past tense takes getting used to, as if one were reading about the upheavals and woes of Troy or Carthage. But for just that reason it makes a useful and humbling exercise.

The Pursuit of Pleasure, by Lionel Tiger (Little, Brown, 330 pp., \$22.95)

All this time Paul Johnson has been surveying our times in search of wisdom, it turns out he need only have journeyed to the anthropology department of Rutgers University to find life's ultimate meaning. The end of all human endeavor, declares Professor Lionel Tiger, is physical pleasure—"who gets pleasure, which pleasure, when, with whom, and with what cost. . . ." The book consists of discursive meditations on this moralistic, "gloomy culture" of ours: Why do we
(Continues on page 59)

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 57)

"embargo pleasure"? Why this obsession with "Thou Shalt Not"? And why, oh why, is pornography still "forbidden" as "wrong"? The answer: the denial of these delights is how sanctimonious elites (churches, primarily) keep beautiful, spontaneous, uninhibited people like Professor Tiger in line. Students of this genre will note the familiar cutesy irreverence (with subtitles like "The Dirty Big Secret," "No Sex Please, We're British," "Virgin Non-Birth"), sense of injury (young Tiger grew up sensually deprived under "a tightly controlled religious and political regime," i.e., Canada), and serpentine taunts ("What is the attraction of 'no' and the fear of 'yes'?"). If the old philosophical question, "Better Socrates unhappy or a pig happy?" has ever even occurred to the author, he does not address it here—though in the latter sense *The Pursuit of Pleasure* seems to come from the pen of a very happy man. As for his readers, they'll be reminded that nothing kills pleasure as surely as a preoccupation with it. —MATTHEW SCULLY

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KRASNY

(Continued from page 44)

Hence, the bulk of cost constraint in Canada is now achieved at the expense of ease, timeliness, and choice of access to health-care resources. A comparison of U.S. and Canadian access to higher (i.e., newer) medical technologies shows the per-capita ratio of accessibility ranged from 200 to 800 per cent higher in the United States. Ironically, while Americans examine the Canadian system, Canadians have been studying U.S. models, particularly health-maintenance organizations (HMOs), to learn from their skills at cost containment.

Although it derives its economic support from the federal government, the Canadian system is in fact a collection of ten different provincial plans, each administered by the individual province. Those provinces with a population base of one million or less can be usefully compared with the seven HMOs in the U.S. that provide health care to an enrollment of over one million subscribers. In fact, in 1987 three of the larger American HMOs—Kaiser Permanente, Cigna, and Harvard Community Health—provided a full range of health-care services with per-capita costs \$400 to \$500 lower than comparable services in Canada.

Increasingly, the U.S. health-care system serves as a safety valve for the Canadian system—the latter can succeed within its limitations because there is a medical version of "overdraft protection" to help it cope with the vagaries of demand. If the United States were to adopt the Canadian system, not only would the resulting limitation of resources affect American health-care consumers, it would also eliminate the Canadians' safety valve. And what country would then serve as a safety valve for the United States?

Still, the Canadians seem content with their health-care system. A recent Harris poll showed the overwhelming majority of Canadians as preferring their system to that of the United States or Britain, while more than 60 per cent of U.S. citizens indicated a preference for the Canadian system over their own. Why?

Primarily, it is because Canadians live secure in the belief that a catastrophic illness will never be compounded by financial catastrophe. Ca-

nadians routinely read about U.S. citizens left destitute by severe illness. It is that freedom from risk of personal financial ruin which underlies the perceived quality of the Canadian national health-insurance system.

But there is a more profound reason for the Canadians' acceptance of a system with so many restrictions. Health-care systems reflect a society's deepest values; they cannot be examined in isolation from the culture that spawned them. Canada and the United States appear to be culturally similar in terms of language, media, educational systems, and technologies. But that is misleading. Social attitudes toward individual rights and the direct authority of government over daily life differ substantially. In its gradual evolution from a colonial to a democratic society, Canada has maintained many of the centralized characteristics of the colonial administration from which it grew and a corresponding deference to authority among the citizenry. These traditions persuade Canadians to accept limitations on individual rights unknown in the U.S. Among them: no access to punitive damages if wronged by a medical practitioner; no contingent legal fees; no class-action suits (with minor exceptions); no right to sue government officials or ministries of health for medical negligence; no effective choice between the various provincial medical systems; no private alternatives. None of these limitations would be acceptable to Americans.

In sum, the Canadian health-care system does not operate less expensively or more effectively than the U.S. system. Its mechanism for funding health-care *does* constrain expenditure effectively, but comes with a price tag of decreased accessibility to medical technologies and the utilization of procedures that are substantially inferior. The domestic and international popularity of the Canadian system derives primarily from the financial safety net it provides, buttressed by a political culture that accepts government and community-based control of decisions that affect the deepest questions of human life. If Americans were to insist upon retaining the rights they now take for granted, they would make a Canadian-style system of health care both prohibitively expensive and inherently unworkable. □

TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney

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C. Re-writer of history	127 43 150 144 130 31 103 18 198 54	N. Understand	92 185 146 162 83 32 183
	86	O. Passé	202 133 53 34 188 16 143 124
D. Poor man's yacht	40 160 90 99 129 195 76	P. Hitchcockian direction	88 78 95 182 28 194 65 14 168
E. Croatia, for now	13 161 94 47 81 69 56 186 108 7	Q. Used Eli Whitney's device	200 192 117 74 22 163
	137	R. Take precedence over	113 100 70 11 29 132 148 121
F. So as to leave little to the imagination	36 64 166 51 197 106 142 181 171 134	S. Spider's poison	125 187 177 75 5
	2	T. Newt	165 35 191
G. Us, emphatically	93 60 140 196 104 55 38 72 119	U. Numeral variety	152 63 97 136 199
H. Area not beloved in Inverness	184 20 57 147 9 80 138 98	V. Onetime Rambler manufacturer	153 176 158 71
I. How they date in Amsterdam? (2 words)	178 85 111 145 6 77 21 33 174 49	W. Instant	42 172 1 122 189 84
J. Army officer's alma mater (2 words)	120 26 8 157 66 37 79 203 102	X. Patriot Allen	89 180 159 52 193
K. Houdini's home town	96 139 128 10 151 61 116 41	Y. Tommyrot	123 190 44 58 170 109 30 17
		Z. Aspirin form	167 12 59 175 118 101

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

The membership is so erudite, in fact, that noted author and *NR* contributor George Gilder says: "Without question, the level of debate and discussion within the Town Hall system is the highest and most intelligent I've seen anywhere." (Take that, Harvard.)

Polls and Offices. Announcing the opening of the initial offices in Town Hall's Groups and Clubs area. One, launched by TH member Father Owen Jones of Aiken, S.C., is The Rose Hill Forum, which will promote traditional Anglican Church values. (Father Jones says it "will help restore our Anglican heritage, morally, spiritually, and intellectually.") The second is TexasNet, a coalition of Texas conservative organizations (Richard Ford—TH member and TexasNet sponsor—says he formed it to "use technology to impact legislation in favor of limited government, free enterprise, and traditional family values" in the Lone Star State.)

Meanwhile, members are busy casting their ballots on the numerous polls created (by members) in the Town Hall Voting Booth. A sample of some results: 87 per cent of TH members said they would vote for Pat Buchanan, 11 per cent against (Donald Holtzinger of Allentown, Pa., created that one); on whether the Administration should consider tariffs on Japanese goods—a question posed by TH member Vincent Unger (Myrtle Beach, S.C.)—20 per cent either agree or strongly agree, while 65 per cent disagree or strongly disagree.

Sign Up. There are now new types of Town Hall memberships available—Associate Accounts (which allow THers to sign up friends and family at discounted rates) and the Hourly Plan (for those who won't be on-line 12 hours per month, and want a reduced, hourly rate). . . . For more information on opening a Groups and Clubs office, call Town Hall Project Director Jeanne Meyer at 212-679-7330. . . . Become a Town Hall member now: to sign up (and take a free tour of Town Hall) by modem dial 800-648-6964, or call 800-441-4142.

Published as a service to NR readers by National Review Town Hall, Inc.

"Re-Hi." That's on-line computer talk for "Hello again." And in National Review Town Hall—the 24-hour conservative meeting place, where conservatives talk, debate, and correspond via computer—"re-hi" is an oft-repeated phrase. Why? Simple: A growing crowd of Town Hall members, conservative leaders, and *NR* editors and staff are returning nightly to the live TH Conference Center to exchange ideas, discuss current events, and develop friendships.

Join them. All you need is a computer and a modem (if you don't have one, worry not: they're easy to get and to use—just like Town Hall).

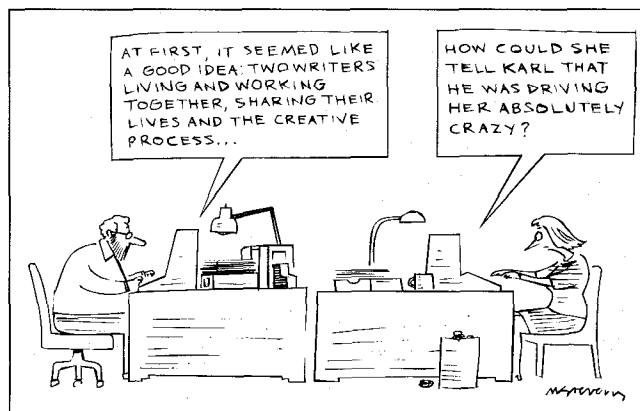
All the News. On any given night, it's a good bet a Town Hall conference is discussing an election-year news item from the Washington Report—Town Hall's daily political "newswire" service, providing the best available coverage of the 1992 races and the behind-the-scenes happenings on Capitol Hill and within the Bush Administration. A sampling from one mid-January morning's postings: "Bush Goes South, Along with His Poll Numbers," "Buchanan Sandbagged by Seniors in New Hampshire," and "Clinton and Kerrey: Two Sides to Military Service." All in all, Washington Report is must reading in this critical campaign year.

Interactive. Must reading as well is the Town Hall Meeting Place, where members respond ("asynchronously"—a word bound to spring up in Town Hall's "WFB's Word of the Day") to comments and essays on hundreds of topics. Among Meeting Place regulars is *NR* Senior Editor Rick Brookhiser. Fellow Senior Editor Jeff Hart, the Buchanan campaign's New Hampshire co-chairman, has recently contributed, filing updates on PJB's primary efforts.

One of the hottest Meeting Place dialogues was launched by TH member Julie Kelleher (Somerville, Mass.), who was battling a "condom-mania" assault at her local high school. Mrs. Kelleher filed message #3203 asking for assistance in preparing her testimony before the school board. Within hours of posting her request, she was receiving helpful hints—statistics on condom failure rates, suggestions to point out the liability potential for board members, etc. In a fortnight, over three dozen responses to her initial message poured in from across the country.

Another example of TH's swiftness: A transcript of Heritage Foundation President Ed Feulner's annual "State of the Conservative Movement" speech (Jan. 22) was posted in the Meeting Place just ten minutes after he delivered it.

Brilliant Discussion. Since our September debut, new members continue to join—and not just computer buffs. Conservatives and *NR* readers of various stripes have entered the Hall: from the "Buchanan for President" contingent and libertarians to social conservatives and the remnants of the Goldwater coterie. The result? A highly informed membership, on matters political and cultural, all looking for serious discussion of age-old and emerging topics, not to mention networking opportunities and a rollicking good time.



Campaign Manners

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17

One trouble with politics is that its nature is so awfully sycophantic—take New Hampshire. Now we don't doubt that Mr. Bush is enraptured by the beauty of the state. Why? Because it is a very beautiful state. But he wants us to believe that it is the spinal cord of his geographical attachments to his native land, lying as it does between Massachusetts, where he went to boarding school, and Maine, where his principal non-official residence is; though, as he would now put it, he is "fixin' to begin" to say the same thing about Texas, if he campaigns there, and about other states, if he campaigns there. Estes Kefauver used to forget in which state he was speaking, so that he would dumbfound an audience in Montana by a dithyrambic tribute to Wisconsin, which he had left that morning. So it goes.

Mr. Buchanan has cognate problems, insisting that he is an outsider in Washington, D.C. Now it is true that he is exactly that, as a conservative dissenter from doctrinaire liberalism, but it is no more communicable, coming from a native Washingtonian who has spent half his life in the White House, to the people of New Hampshire than his anathema on the purchase of foreign cars, uttered by someone who owns a Mercedes-Benz.

It is a truly consuming disease, scrambling for votes. Take Pete Du Pont, formerly the governor of Delaware. Now I have spent a fair amount of time with Governor Du Pont in the last couple of years and he is a man of total directness; I swear when talking to him you are convinced that he has just finished consuming a month's supply of truth serum. But when I asked him how many nights he had spent in the state of Iowa when running for President in 1988 and he answered 103, and I gasped and said how could you stand it, he actually said he enjoyed it. I didn't press him on the point because I didn't want to shatter my own illusions about him. This has nothing to do with the pleasantness of life in Iowa, but I deny that anyone can enjoy 103

nights in a state other than where his home is, flatly deny it.

And now President Bush wishes to give the impression that he is up on country music and rock lyrics, familiar for instance with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (which he calls the Nitty Ditty Nitty Gritty Great Bird Band). When Whittaker Chambers at age sixty decided to go back to college he found himself opposite an eighteen-year-old farm girl dissecting jointly a guinea pig in Biology 10 lab. She was shy, but, after a few sessions, she decided to share with the elderly man opposite her current passion. "Mr. Chambers, don't you think that 'Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini' is, like, maybe the best ever?" Whittaker Chambers nodded his head gravely, and said he had seldom been more taken by a song than that one. . . . That's okay, that's personal diplomacy: like affecting to be familiar with the ball scores lest your utter ignorance and indifference appear a form of condescension.

George Bush happens to be a superior human being. There is no one who has associated with him in the fifty convivial years since he was at school close to the state of New Hampshire who demurs on this point. He is attractive, generous, loyal, animated, warm. The problem with politics is that genuine qualities tend to be hidden by the distractions of synthetic endearments, by an attempt to sink one's own natural diction into the vernacular of the region.

To go too far in the other direction is to make the mistake that doomed Coriolanus, who could tell only the truth, defend only virtue, catechize against any

weakness; who for his efforts gets killed by his own side. No no no, that isn't what we want or what the voters want.

But one has to suppose that the voters of New Hampshire are prepared to weigh George Bush for what he is. Mrs. Robert Taft was accosted on the first day of her campaign for the re-election of her husband as senator from Ohio in 1950, a vital race in which Mr. Republican was the object of much organized vituperation, particularly at the hands of the labor unions. She was asked at a huge assembly of women: "Mrs. Taft, is your husband a common man?" Mrs. Taft looked up. She was visibly put off. "Oh no," she said. "He is not that at all. He was first in his class at Yale, and first in his class at Harvard Law School. I think it would be wrong to present a common man as a representative of the people of Ohio." The faces of the professionals around her turned ashen. They were astonished at the standing ovation her statement brought. □

The Friedman View

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10

Milton Friedman will be eighty before the year is out, has a new book coming out in the next few months, twice has had heart surgery, and spent last week at Alta, Utah, skiing at altitudes of ten thousand feet, though he will tell you that he has intimations of mortality, now that his friend and colleague, the great economic historian George Stigler, is dead. Friedman is almost certainly the most influential economist since Keynes, and is ready to oblige with a little tour d'horizon of the economic scene. It is to understate the case to say that he is disappointed with the performance of President Bush.

Why? He cites several reasons. Under President Reagan, the Executive was committed to several goals: 1) no increase in taxes, 2) deregulation, and 3) reduced federal spending. The budget act of 1990 was a gross violation of an understanding Mr. Bush had inherited from Mr. Reagan and had himself reaffirmed with his famous statement about the resolution of his lips.

The tax increase, reasons Mr. Friedman, has the effect of diminishing what Adam Smith called the "animal spirits" of entrepreneurs. To plan and to invest, without any certainty that in the future Congress won't impose new taxes, is to gamble on other than economic success in the marketplace. What tends to happen is "sleepy money," sharply to be dis-



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tinguished from the entrepreneurial zest associated with a vigorous economy.

Friedman would like to see the complete abolition of capital-gains taxes, but more important is the indexation of capital gains. "As things now stand, you could buy something today for \$10,000, sell it ten years from now for \$20,000, and be taxed on a \$10,000 profit which in fact never materialized because the dollar was reduced in value by inflation to fifty cents." But he sharply opposes any attempt at retroactive application of capital-gains relief, on the grounds that to calculate the taxable rise in value would be impossibly complex.

On the matter of regulation, the Clean Air Act and the Disabilities Act are invitations to a nightmare, out of any proportion to benefits presumed. The increasing dependence on action by the Federal Government augurs difficulties in the days ahead. The size of the federal debt is not an important factor in bringing on a recession—indeed, money spent paying interest on that debt is probably the "healthiest" government expense going. I.e., it isn't money spent to inaugurate fresh federal enterprises which will soak up energy and depress the private sector in the future.

And of course federal spending has increased beyond what was necessary to pay off the S&L debt. We are spending over 25 per cent of the GNP, up over two points from the Reagan years. The Federal Reserve Board has indeed killed substantial inflation. But it underestimated the amount of money a healthy economy needed, and that is one cause of the current recession. "Has economic science developed to the point of insuring against the recessions associated with the business cycle?" No. It has developed to the point of giving us the knowledge necessary to forestall deep depressions and runaway inflation. But the business cycle will be with us always.

What about jump-starting our way out of the current mess? There is one way to do this, and only one way, he says. It is to print money. The trouble with doing this, of course, is that it is merely an invitation to inflation in the years ahead. Probably such inflation is in store for us in any event, says Mr. Friedman, given that politics almost inevitably influences the activities of the central banks. When debt soars as ours has done, then the great temptation is there: diminish the debt by diminishing the value of the dollar.

Milton Friedman greatly fears the political attraction of tariffs, and suggests that Reagan's primary delinquency was in allowing the tariff creep which now

seeks to protect us, but instead imposes burdens on the American consumer. Do you remember what Henry George said about tariffs? A country at war with another country attempts to boycott commerce to that country. A country at peace, when engaged in protectionism, levels identical policies against itself. □

The ADL's New Hero

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20

The Anti-Defamation League really ought to make some effort to put its house in order. It is the veteran Jewish organization devoted to tracking down and exposing bigotry and to promoting civil rights. But in its search for opportunistic publicity it makes quite embarrassing errors. For instance, the award its Boston chapter made early in the month to Dartmouth President James Freedman. For what? A local newspaper reports that "Referring to the incident in which a Hitler quote appeared in the credo of *The Dartmouth Review*, ADL regional vice chairman Richard Glovsky, '69, described Freedman's response as 'heroic.' 'Jim Freedman stood up to outrageous conduct,' Glovsky [said] . . . 'Thanks to leaders like Jim Freedman there is hope.'"

Oh but that is exactly the opposite of the truth. Leaders like James Freedman give anti-anti-Semitism a bad name. For the very simple reason that he imputed anti-Semitism to a dozen Dartmouth student editors who had never waded in that mire, who were entirely innocent of the Hitler quote. Rather than investigate the incident where a mischievous—call him/her evil, if you wish—student managed secretly (he was never caught) to insert an anti-Semitic sentence from Adolf Hitler into the logo of the student newspaper, Freedman called a campus-wide rally to denounce the staff of *The Dartmouth Review* as racist and bigoted. His action was as inspiring to civil liberties as a lynch party in the South.

What is ironic is that Mr. Glovsky himself headed up the inquiry into the *Dartmouth Review* incident on behalf of the Boston ADL. His report quite explicitly denied that there were grounds for concluding that the Hitler quote represented racist attitudes of any responsible member of the *Review*. Sure, the Glovsky-ADL report reprimanded the *Review* on several counts, but this pretty much amounted to denouncing sophomores when they are sophomoric. Suddenly, Glovsky is at center stage honoring the

greatest demagogue in the state, who was so quick to find anti-Semitism when there was not a trace of it traceable to those he attacked.

The forthcoming issue of *Commentary* carries a six-page open letter by editor Norman Podhoretz, who has here and there been the subject of criticism for denouncing as anti-Semitic writers and editors who insist that this is not the case. But in that open letter (it is, as a matter of fact, addressed to me, in response to my long essay, "In Search of Anti-Semitism—NR, Dec. 30), he writes, ". . . It may perhaps strike you as . . . significant that I am with you all the way in your section exonerating *The Dartmouth Review* of the charge of anti-Semitism. . . . For once, in *The Dartmouth Review*, we have a genuine example of false charges of anti-Semitism doing damage to innocent victims."

This being the case, what were all those people in Boston doing, applauding someone (President Freedman) who had smeared young men and women with a false charge of racism? Mr. Abraham Foxman, National Director of the ADL, reacting to that same essay, wrote to the author that "The piece [including the exonerations of *The Dartmouth Review* editors] clearly reflects your well deserved reputation for . . . intellectual honesty and will enlighten all who take the opportunity—and show the good sense—to read it." But that apparently does not include Mr. Glovsky.

Public organizations that need financial support and publicity are tempted from time to time to suspend their sense of discrimination. Ten years ago the ADL gave a prize to Hugh Hefner of *Playboy*, I kid you not, for his contributions to civil liberty. The award cited "the empire he founded [which] has had a far-reaching impact, not only on the publishing industry, but on the mores of American society as well." To which this columnist responded, "That is correct. Any serious disciple of Hugh Hefner would not hesitate to purr anti-Semitic lovelies into the ears of his bunny, if that was what was required to effect seduction. . . . The invitation specifies 'black tie.' Well, if the guests arrive wearing only black ties, that will be more than some of the guests wear at Hef's other parties."

I have in my files a letter from the then National Director of the ADL confiding to me that his organization made a mistake. I feel free to reveal this since Mr. Perlmutter, RIP, is gone. It would be good to have an apology from Mr. Glovsky. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Messalina with a Master's Degree

THANK GOD I'm over the hill. The only heat I have left comes from hot flashes, my promiscuity is confined to the words "one size fits all," and I buy my white cotton unmentionables at Boadicea's Retreat, not Victoria's Secret. Nothing described at the Palm Beach rape trial could possibly happen to me now unless we're invaded by some Slavic republic whose soldiers aren't fussy.

Since it's a dead cert that Private Slobov Slobovovich is not much of a talker, I could concentrate on trying to shoot the sonofabitch without first having to endure what the sexual revolutionists of Palm Beach kept calling "an interesting conversation." The message of the William Kennedy Smith trial was crystal clear: Liberation has replaced the sweet nothings of romance and the feisty wordplay of sexual tension with the boring drone of equal partners.

The most telling moment in the accuser's testimony came when she said she never misses a chance to discuss her daughter's medical problems whenever she meets a doctor socially. She elaborated on this with a snooty, pathetic pride in her ability to meet doctors as equals, leaving no doubt that she actually believed this made her irresistible to Doc Smith.

Is there a doctor alive who doesn't dread such females? They do the same thing when they meet lawyers at parties. Trying frantically to be what women's magazines and self-help books call "interesting," they babble about asthma and torts, sublimely unaware that they are dragging their captive professional men on a busman's holiday.

Nowhere in the reams of testimony given by Smith and his accuser do we find the slightest

hint of clever repartee on the night in question. Risqué banter elevates squalid situations, as when the satyrish Napoleon III asked, "What is the way to your heart?" And Eugénie replied, "Through the chapel, Sire."

Scintillating verbal foreplay is the way to a man's mind, the fortress a woman must breach if she wants to make him aware of her "as a person," but Willie Smith's accuser just didn't get it. Stuffed with propaganda about professional equality and sexual freedom, she droned on about acute mycoplasmal tularemia and then started digging in his pants.

This is not Madame Récamier trading *bons mots* with Talleyrand, nor even Hepburn trading *bons mots* with Tracy. It's Messalina with a master's degree.

Palm Beach proved that the English duchess who reputedly said "Sex is too good for the common people" was on to something. It takes more than a trust fund to make a lady. Despite her money, Willie Smith's accuser is an updated version of the put-upon figure of Victorian melodrama, the "little shopgirl."

There are millions of them in every age—today's version is That *Cosmopolitan* Girl—and they invariably get enmeshed in sexual tragedies because they lack the personality trait a woman must have if she intends to be a truly liberated, bona-fide hussy: a bandit streak.

Falling somewhere between eccentric and sociopath, the female bandit is tough, but it's not the slutty toughness of Madonna or the desperate, doomed toughness of the protagonists of *Thelma & Louise*. It's the toughness that used to be called "stouthearted." She also has a flair, a style, a whip-lash outrageousness found only in natural aristocrats.

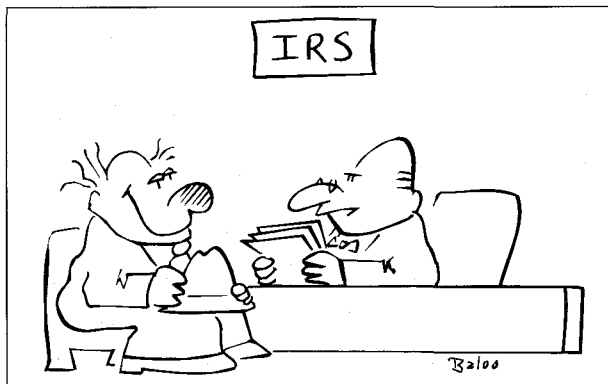
Nell Gwynn displayed the bandit streak when she stepped out of her carriage into the howling anti-Catholic mob that had surrounded it and said, "Calm yourselves, my good people. I am the Protestant whore." Edwardian actress Stella Campbell displayed it when George Bernard Shaw snidely asked her what her new husband was like and she came out with the matchless rejoinder: "Six-foot-four and everything in proportion."

FOR FEMALE banditry on the witness stand we can do no better than Caroline of Brunswick, consort of George IV, who was called to testify in the House of Lords when the King, who was secretly married to his mistress, Maria Fitzherbert, tried to divorce her. Asked whether she had ever committed adultery, Caroline shot back: "Only when I slept with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband." Palm Beach could have used a rapier thrust like that. Caroline also could have punched up the droning seminar on stained intimate garments with her famous boast to Lord Malmsbury: "I change my drawers once a year whether they are dirty or not."

Female banditry is an elite sisterhood but America is entirely capable of making a level playing field out of a bed, so all the little shopgirls think they too can make it to the majors. The democratization of banditry owes much to *Cosmopolitan*, which stands

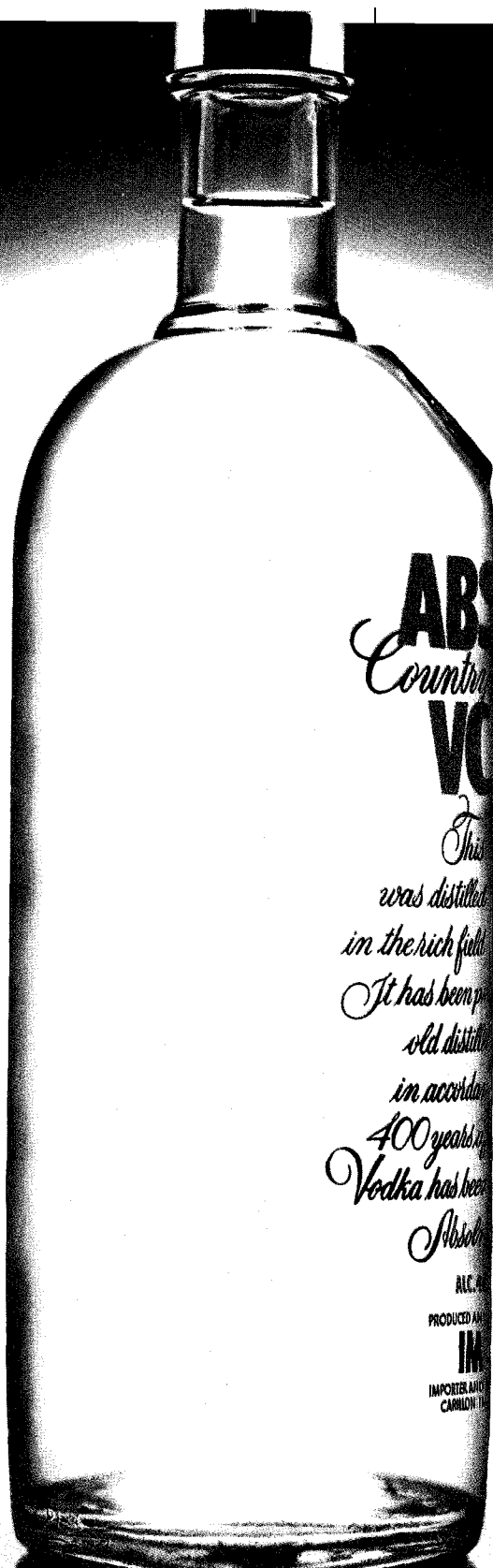
in relation to true seductiveness as Robespierre to the Ancien Régime. You can bet that Willie Smith's accuser and her friend Anne Mercer read it faithfully. Listening to their testimony, we heard not the hiss of the serpent of the Nile, but Helen Gurley Brown's deathless exhortation to the daughters of the Common Man: "If you're a little mouseburger, come with me. I was a mouseburger and I will help you."

—FLORENCE KING



"\$87,000 in business-expense deductions? Are you sure you're a professional wine taster?"

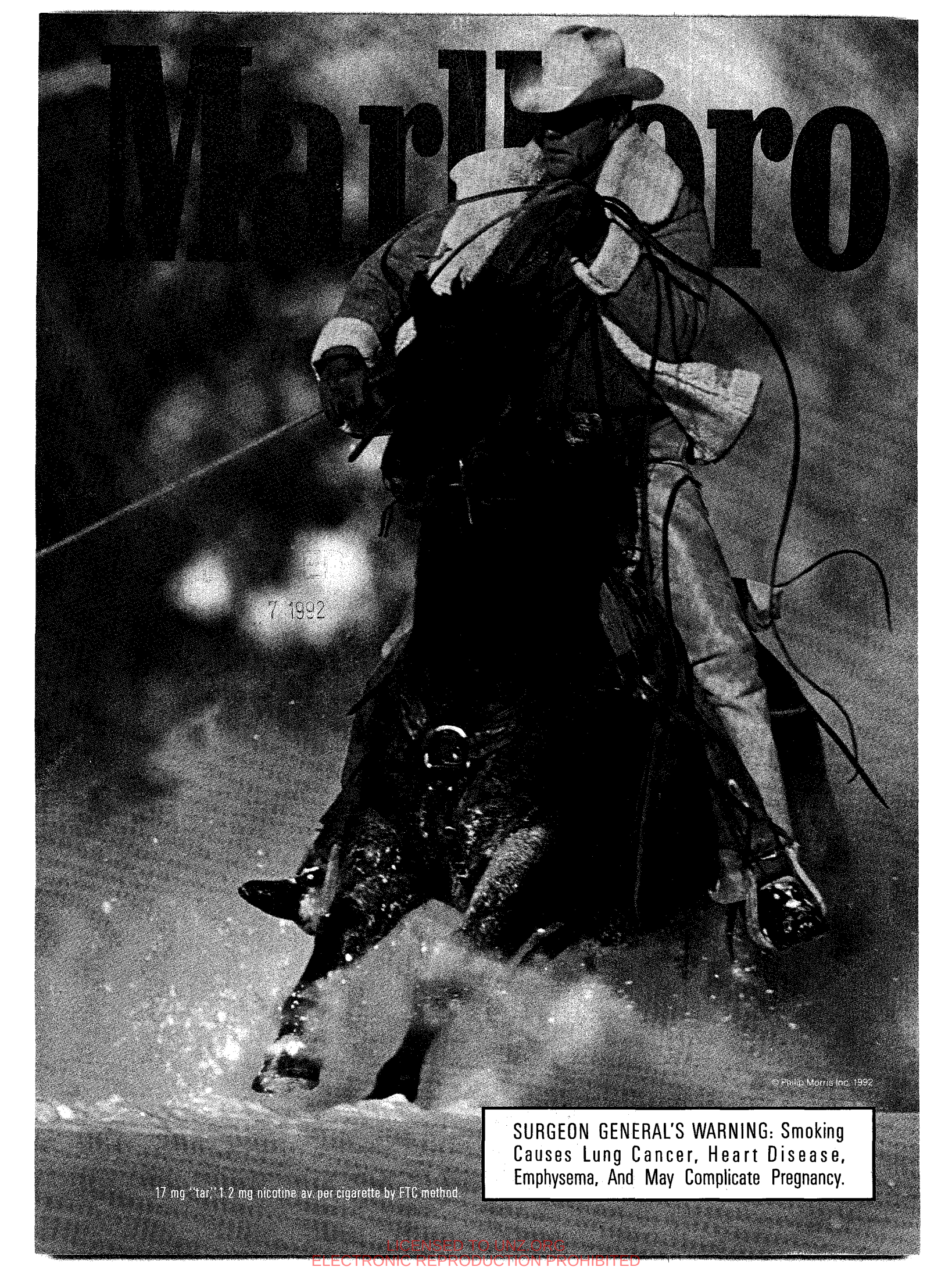
Miss King's new book, *With Charity Toward None: A Fond Look at Misanthropy* (St. Martin's Press), will be published in March.



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